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THE SPHERE, MARCH 6, 1937
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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVIII No. 1937 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC MARCH 6 1937

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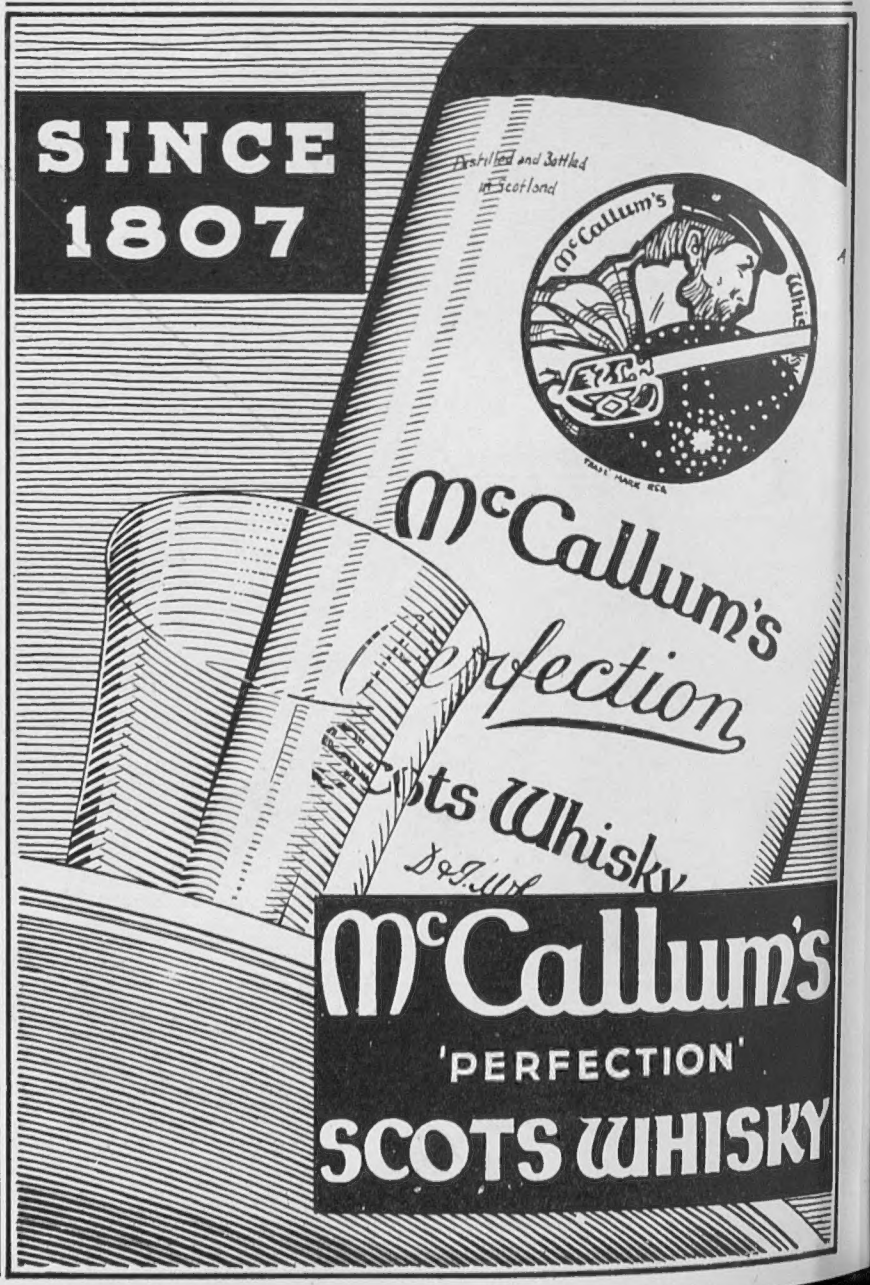

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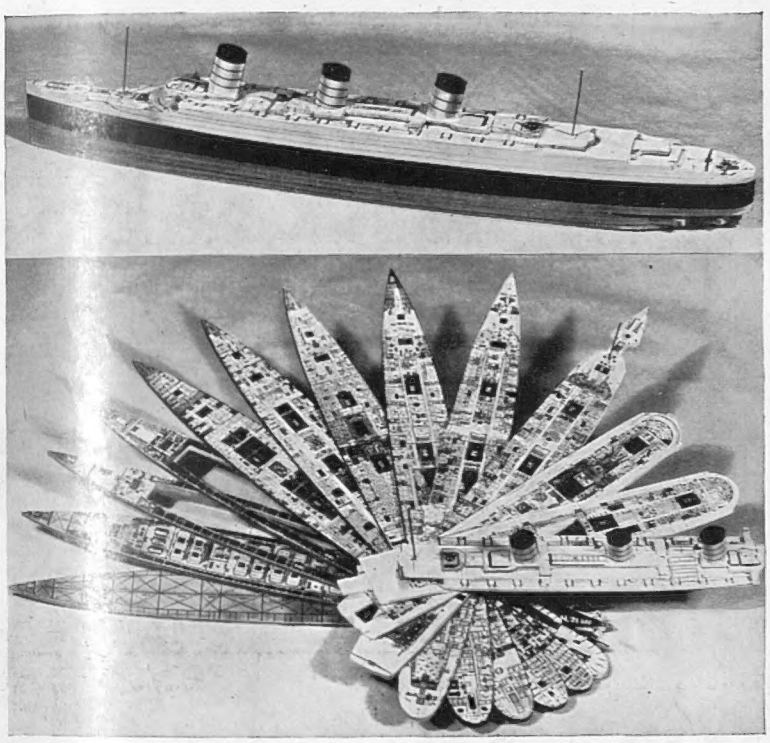

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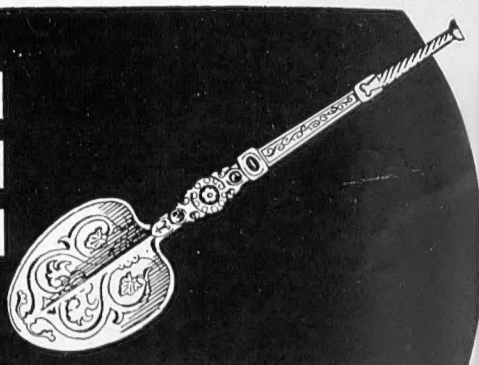

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THE SPHERE
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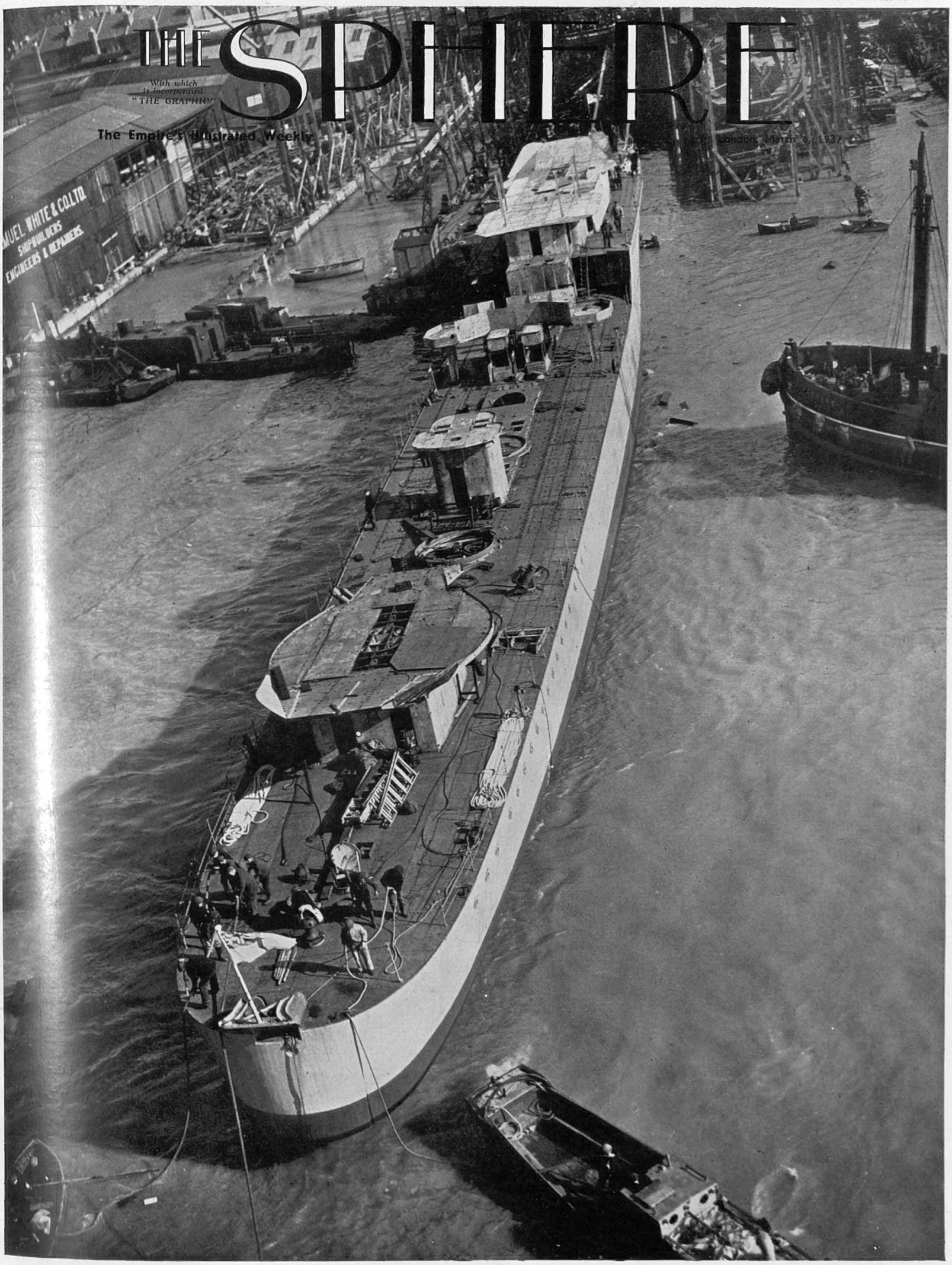
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 6, 1937



Britain's Bigger Navy

The Launch of the "Impulsive" at Cowes—the New Destroyer After It Had Been Named by Lady Jellicoe and Had Taken the Water

As all the world knows Britain is raising by loan and by taxation vast sums of money to meet the cost of her elaborate defence programme, the largest undertaken by this country in time of peace, and during the course of the next few years the three fighting services will be enormously strengthened. With regard to the Navy, particularly heavy expenditure upon replacement and expansion is necessitated in view of the virtual suspension of development for so long, and as a result it is estimated that the 1937 programme will require well over £50,000,000 for new construction as compared with the average of £12,000,000 spent annually in the period 1931–34. In addition to the two capital ships, seven cruisers, and two aircraft carriers being laid down in 1937, work will be begun in 1938 on three more capital ships, seven more cruisers, and two more aircraft carriers, while the Fleet Air Arm will be substantially increased both as regards machines and personnel, and dockyard works, often an item unconsidered by the layman, will also receive due attention. The *Impulsive*, pictured here after her launch at Cowes, is a product of the 1935 programme and incidentally is the first ship of the Royal Navy to bear the name

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

CYMRU AM BYTH! Queen Mary making the annual distribution of leek emblems to officers and ex-officers of the 1st Battalion, Welsh Guards, at the St. David's Day parade last Sunday at Wellington Barracks. Standing on the steps behind Her Majesty are the Princess Royal, the Earl of Harewood, and their elder son Lord Lascelles. *On right*—Cheers for the Queen as the Royal car left the barrack square

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, March 3, 1937.

LORD RUSSELL.—For 100 years more or less men have been willing and anxious to hear to the end speeches by holders of the title of Earl Russell of Kingston-Russell. True, in the Reform Bill struggle the title was not yet bestowed on its first holder, little Lord John—the Mite—whose hard work and enthusiasm did so much to get the Bill through. There have only been two holders since the first—his two grandsons, John Francis and Bertrand—for his son, Lord Amberley—whose papers will shortly be published and are awaited with interest—died before succeeding. Both the second and third holders have been remarkable men, but the title was more often heard on men's tongues when the second Earl reigned. For Bertrand, Earl Russell, much prefers to be known as Bertrand Russell, a name of weight in philosophical and scientific literature, a name connected with many revolutionary and arresting theories on education, marriage, social morality, mathematics, moral sciences, and philosophy generally. Brougham, whose versatility matched Lord Russell's, had the same dislike of his title and would continue to sign himself "H. Brougham" long after he was Chancellor and peer. When last week Lord Russell rose to make his maiden speech, the House listened to him with respect and expectation of clear thinking and clear expression from a man whose books have earned him that reputation. But the subject was unfortunate. The absurdity and horror of war do not lend themselves to clear argument or expression. That was shown by the trend of the debate wherein honest Socialists expressed totally divergent views on the Government's policy of re-arming. All Socialists agree with Lord Russell that war is beastly, mad, and economically unsound. But then so does Mr. Baldwin; so does, for that matter, every crusty Tory who is not a Junker or a war-profiteer. No one outside Bedlam disagrees with the view that war is disgusting and bestial lunacy. The difficulty is to say something convincing and to the point on pacifist policy under the conditions now existing. And Lord Russell, with his great clarity of mind and his great ability, made no better job of it than others of his view. One can only talk round the subject, if he cannot offer a workable solution of the problem which our day presents. Moral indignation is not enough. It cuts no ice. It skates over the thin surface.

HAS IT COME TO THAT?—Sir John Simon made our flesh creep at last last week. For the first time many easy folk rubbed their eyes and woke up to the fact that the Government to-day is taking the possibility of an enemy air attack on Britain seriously. That is to say, without suggesting that any Power has an eye on Britain as a target this year, next year, some time, or ever, it is determined to have cut and dried the best possible arrangements to meet such a possibility. The scheme for organising fire fighting defence in the event of an air raid is on a major scale and is admirable propaganda for Europe. Don't we realise right well at last that 50 per cent. of the £1,500,000,000 which we are to spend in the next five years is an advertising appropriation? It is money to be spent (and well spent) in repairing our shattered prestige as a Great Power in the achievement of world security—a reputation we threw away with both hands in a gesture—a misplaced act of chivalry. Sir John's *Fire Precautions* react on the mind of Easy John Citizen precisely as on my mind acted in August 1914 the serving out of the first-aid sachet and the identity disc and a little later the live rounds of ammunition. Or as on the mind of the fat, rich saloon passenger who asked the captain of the sinking liner how things were. "Say your prayers, madam." "Oh, captain, don't say it's come to that." Well, yes, no. It has—and it hasn't. Some people still like to be prepared in that way against eventualities—in a word, against the risk of Hell Fire.

LANGSTONE HARBOUR.—Langstone Harbour is to be the great Empire Air Port; long discussion has ended in the acceptance of the so-called barrage scheme recommended by the Docks and Airports Committee—one of three schemes on the table. The scheme will cost £1,300,000 and will convert the harbour into an inland sea by means of barrages, one between Langstone and Hayling North, and one shutting out the sea between Eastney Point and West Town (South Hayling). The rest will be done by dredging and reclamation. The voting was close, a majority of two out of fifty-six votes cast by the Portsmouth City Council. Small wonder if the ratepayers' champions kicked to the last. The city rates are high and have recently gone up 1s. 6d. The undertaking may reasonably be called (if any) a national one. The certain financial success of an Empire Air Port in these parts is non-proven. It was absurd to say that the base would be purely "commercial." In time of trouble it would be very much a war base and receive the unwelcome attentions paid to war bases. Why then should Portsmouth, with rates of 12s. in the £, shoulder half the cost and so much financial and other graver risks. But the "Bigger and Brighter Portsmouth" protagonists won the day by a head, with the points that:—Portsmouth will become the Empire's largest maritime air base as well as naval base. There will be no further increase in rates and prospects of a vast access of wealth to the city, and meanwhile Government for fifteen years will guarantee her an annual income of £30,000 from the base, and the proceeds of sale of the existing airport would bring a reduction of 3d. on the existing rate. It is difficult for people living near Portsmouth not to sympathise in the still burning indignation of her ratepayers against the Council's decision. It is at least childish to suggest that the scheme—no doubt necessary—will not make Portsmouth more vulnerable and the country round more ugly and less peaceful. The port will need other links, new strategic roads to the capital, and generally large-scale "modernisations" of the type all lovers of English beauty have learned to dread. It is not only a matter of pockets which causes Portsmouth citizens to growl; they see another huge slice of the quickly-disappearing amenity cake gobbled up by the harpy of Progress.

COCK O' THE NORTH.—"Cock o' the North" as *The Times* recalled, was a "below-stairs" nickname bestowed on the 4th Earl of Huntly in the days of Mary Queen of Scots. The late Lord Huntly indeed inherited many great traditions but, though time and economic stress had "clipped the wings" of the Cock o' the North, the head of the "Gay Gordons" kept his panache to the end and through thick and thin. "Lord Evergreen" was the Primate's contribution to the chaplet of nicknames this family earned from generation to generation. Marquesses are comparatively rare. There are but twenty-eight, only seven more than there are Dukes, while Earls are six times as many. Lord Huntly was the Premier of his rank in Scotland. He was Earl of Aboyne also but was compelled to part with all the broad acres around old Aboyne Castle, though he never lost his interest in his once large Aberdeenshire inheritance. But he retained the home of his birth, Orton Longueville, near Peterborough. This property the family inherited through the marriage of the ninth Marquess with the heiress of Sir Thomas Cope (not of the Bramshill Copes). The Huntly marquessate derived from the Dukes of Gordon. When the fifth Duke of Gordon died in 1836, the dukedom of Gordon became extinct and was later revived by Queen Victoria and bestowed on the sixth Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and the Huntly marquessate and other

honours devolved on the fifth Earl of Aboyne who became ninth Marquess. Lord Huntly died at ninety. He was one of a family of fourteen of whom four sisters alone survive him. A great nephew, aged twenty-nine, succeeds him.

EDWARD GARNETT.—

Edward Garnett has his place in literature. The few discerning judges realise how great his influence was, because they realise the important influence which, largely through Garnett's translations of the great Russian novelists' work, affected English letters. The less discerning cannot point to any well-known creative work published by Garnett, unless it be his fine study of Turgenev. He would probably himself have chosen for his epitaph: "The friend of literary genius." A friend in need, a candid friend, a sometimes tyrannical friend, a whip and a guiding rein. He was one of those rare men to whom books were life itself, and whose mission it was to grind out the last ounce of flour from the mill of genius. So he spurred and encouraged and helped poor, melancholy Hudson. You can read between the lines of Hudson's letters to Garnett how strong was Garnett's influence. Some of his letters to Conrad and Galsworthy tell the same story. They valued his judgment, responded to his whip and accepted his frank criticism as fine gold. It was Garnett, too, who "rescued" Doughty and put *Arabia Deserta* on the map. He was indeed a power behind the throne of letters but only lately in the columns of *Blackwood's* was the curtain raised a little to reveal how he worked and what he meant to some of the enthroned. He was a critic of letters in the stern sense which we hardly understand to-day, so rarely, so very rarely, do we meet it. To him literature was the art—the stern, eternal art—of letters. To us it is a commercial speculation and the big scoops of the hour are crowned with tawdry wreaths on a strict commercial basis of circulation.

SHAKESPEARE ON FILM AND RADIO.—

Of all the interesting events of last week that which I placed first was Granville Barker's introductory talk to a new B.B.C. series on Shakespeare on film and radio. Mr. Barker, besides being a great playwright, is a great Shakespearean scholar and dramatic critic (in the widest sense). He also has a mind as clear as Mr. Belloc's and a power of expression as clear-cut and trenchant. And more. He is a man of great moral courage. He has the courage of his convictions. He did not mince words when he dealt with the two (so successful and admired) recent "interpretations" of *As You Like It* and *Romeo and Juliet* on the films. In his view those responsible had been guilty of the nameless crime, the assassination, disembowelling, and dismemberment of Shakespeare; and had produced a very efficient series of photographs of crowds and scenery "strung on a line" stolen from Shakespeare's storeroom. They were magnificent but they were not Shakespeare, nor in the realms of dramatic art or poetry — nor could Shakespeare-on-the-films ever in any circumstances bear any relation to dramatic art or do justice to Shakespeare's genius for "the theatre" or even reproduce the beauty of his poetry. Shakespeare's poetry in his plays was (said Mr. Barker) his scene painting (and a deal better than the most expensive Tudor setting which Hollywood could assemble). Mr. Barker (though the guest of the B.B.C.) was no less devastating in his criticism of Shakespeare on the radio. He made some of the same points but concentrated on two new ones. The personality of the living actor and the "electric field" set up between actors and audience, producing that keyed-up exaltation which results from the reactions of the actor's personality on the sympathy of his audience and vice versa. These two vital necessities for the understanding and enjoyment of Shakespeare's dramatic genius were absent in radio Shakespeare and must for ever remain so, even if television grows to perfection. Now, Mr. Barker will be answered ably and no doubt there's an answer to every opinion. My rejoicing was not so much for Mr. Barker's views as for the frankness and honesty with which he expressed them. I began to see a new hope for civilisation in the radio, if through it men might once more tell the truth as they see it without fear or favour. We boast that England is a land of freedom and the stronghold of free speech. Yet what is the truth? If the B.B.C. is able and willing to provide us with an occasional immortal hour of fearless expression of opinion—then indeed wireless is worth waiting for. One will gladly put up with its hours of twaddle and cheapjack for its golden minutes of truth.

CLUB HOSPITALITY TO VISITORS.—

On the subject of hospitality to Coronation visitors Lord Gifford's letter to *The Times* last week was to the point. The London clubs must this time try to do what Dominion and American clubs do so thoroughly to Britons. But it is one thing to elect under the rule one or two "distinguished overseas visitors" as temporary members. It is quite another, and a new, thing to make them welcome. I remember years ago being elected to an exclusive Montreal Club. I paid a visit there with two other temporary British members. Suddenly an old and angry-looking member blew in. He looked at us, noted us down as strangers, and without a word of greeting rang the bell. "Steward," he said, "take these gentlemen's orders and charge to me." Then he went out, still frowning, without a word to us. That memory is neither a model of Canadian hospitality nor an example to London clubland. It was a freak case. But it showed that Canada has always accepted the principle that mere election is "not enough," and nine times out of ten club members in the Dominions go out of their way to be charming to British "temporaries," usually following up their first contacts with an invitation to a meal at their own homes. The "nobleman-lying-dead-upstairs" atmosphere of Pall Mall clubs is proverbial, and to the stranger terrible. It must be dissipated this year. We need not automatically stand our club guests drinks. We must, however, loosen our backs, smile, take a place next them at luncheon, and offer them at least our experience of London and what is worth seeing, and give them a little humanity as well as accommodation. Without these things, club hospitality is very cold comfort, and a handicap to mutual understanding and Empire fellowship.

THE OLD STAGER

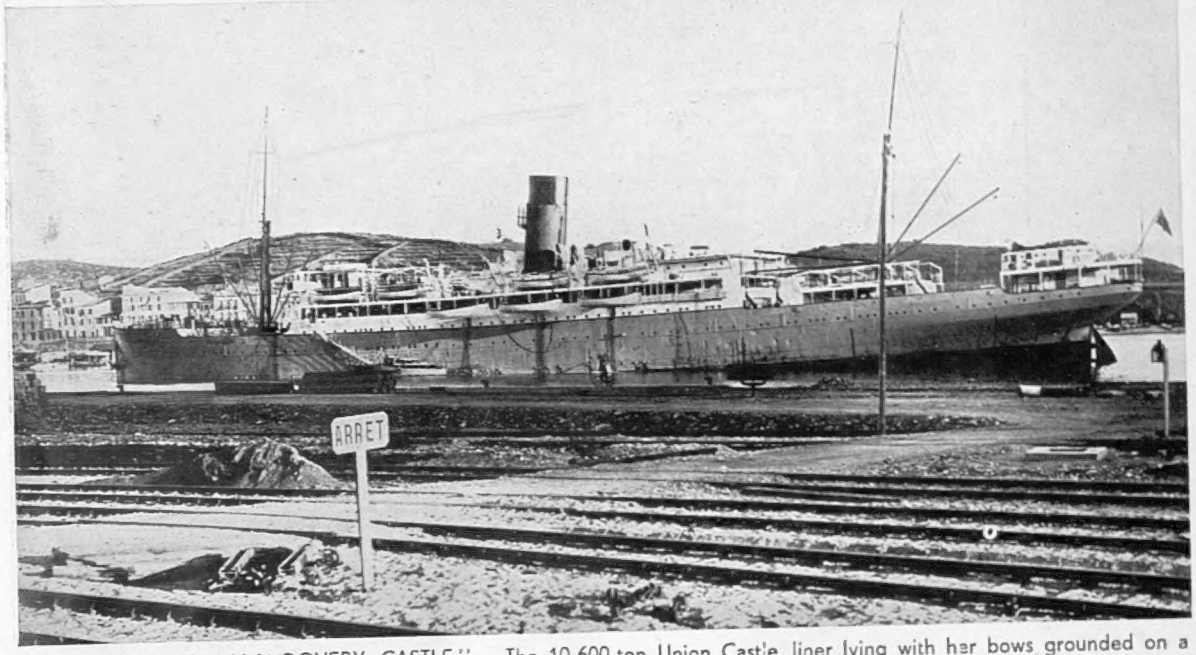
MODERN FIREFIGHTING: A close-up of the mechanism of the new Morris-Magirus extending, steel turntable ladder which has recently been acquired by the London Fire Brigade and is now in service at their Southwark depot. It can be used either as a life-saving appliance or a water tower and can be extended to its full height of 100 ft. (as seen in the picture at the top of this page) in about fifteen seconds. The London Brigade, which is now one of the most efficiently equipped and staffed in the world, was the subject of a special three-page pictorial section in "The Sphere" of February 13

GALE, SNOW, AN

Nature in a Turbulent and Destructive

THE HIGHLANDS IN WINTER'S GRIP: Twenty buses and private cars were marooned in the snow on this Inverness road during the week-end blizzard and were only released after a small army of volunteers had set to work and cleared away the drifts. In Scotland and the North of England road, rail, and air services were disorganised

BARRING THE WAY: This mighty tree was uprooted right across the main Barnstaple–Ilfracombe road wide detour. There were hosts of such occur



PLIGHT OF THE "LLANDOVERY CASTLE": The 10,600-ton Union Castle liner lying with her bows grounded on a mud-bank in Port Vendres, the French harbour to which she was brought in a crippled condition after striking a mine or being hit by a torpedo when passing through Spanish waters. The vessel is now being temporarily repaired

NATURE'S PLAYTHINGS: An impression of the havoc East Africa, where flood water recently penetrated and undermining foundations so seriously tha

"HIGH TIDE" ON THE RHINE AND SEINE: *Left*—The river, swollen by days of incessant rain, at street level in Cologne. *Right*—The Zouave figures on the Alma Bridge, Paris, for years the measuring rods of Seine floods, took a footbath last Saturday when the water was over 14 ft. above normal. The foundations of several buildings for the forthcoming International Exhibition were inundated, but no serious structural damage was done

A GIGANTIC FURROW carved out of the ground Marques, Portuguese East Africa, the worst within washed away at this point which is in close which is seen on the very edge of the abyss.

D FLOOD HAVOC

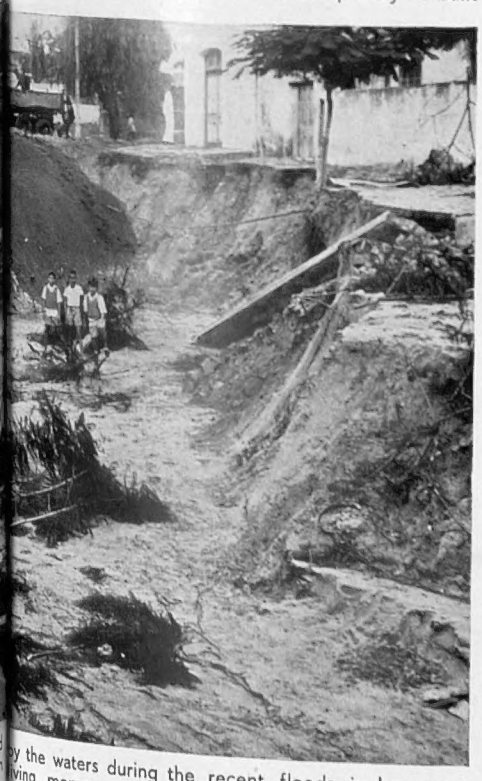
Mood both at Home and Abroad

by the gale on Sunday night at Heanton, falling and making it necessary for motorists to take a rences throughout the country during the week-end

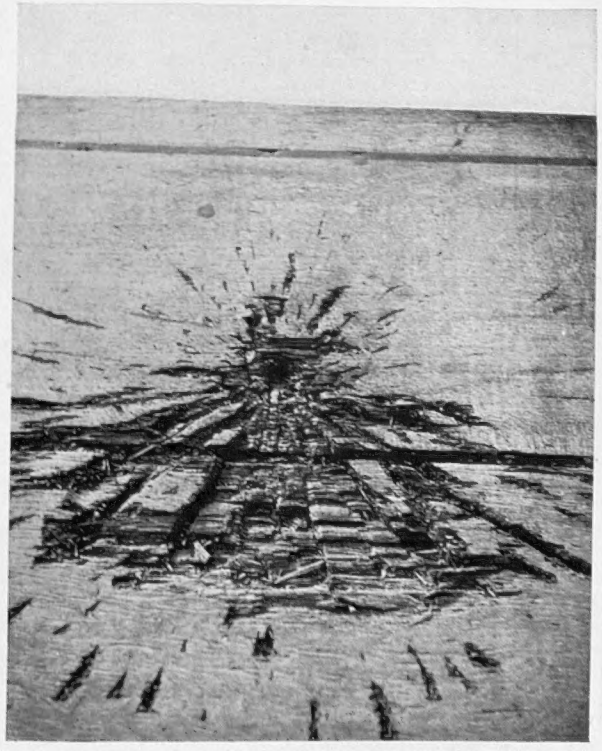
DESTRUCTION IN NORTH WALES: A telegraph pole, on the main road from Abergele to Llanwrst, that failed to withstand the fury of the gale which at neighbouring Holyhead reached a recorded velocity of 98 m.p.h. In this region many electric cables were also smashed and as a result 30 towns and villages were plunged into darkness

caused by floods in Lourenço Marques, Portuguese the houses, sweeping away stone walls and verandas, many properties will have to be completely re-built

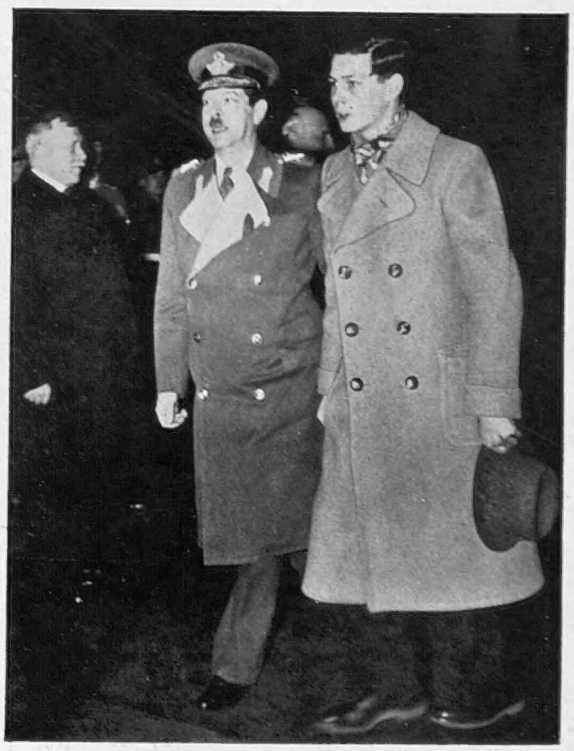
WALES GOES GAY: While town and country lay under a mantle of snow and a biting wind swept up the Bristol Channel, students of Glamorgan College for Women, Barry, donned national costumes with their striking hats and celebrated St. David's Day in traditional style — singing the old Welsh songs and taking part in the old dances



by the waters during the recent floods in Lourenço iving memory. Hundreds of tons of earth were proximity to a number of suburban houses, one of Orchards and banana groves also suffered severely



THE SPLINTERED QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. "ROYAL OAK" after a small anti-aircraft shell from Spanish shore batteries, during an air raid on Valencia, had landed on it, causing slight injury to three officers and two men



JOYOUS REUNION: Crown Prince Michael of Rumania, who recently had a serious attack of appendicitis when on holiday in Italy, returned to Bucharest last week and was greeted at the station by King Carol

TO THE BITTER END: Ras Desta Dimtu, the last of the great Abyssinian leaders to remain in the field and resist the Italian occupation, was captured on February 24 by Italian native troops and, according to a communiqué from Marshal Graziani to Signor Mussolini, was executed immediately. Desta was for many years a favourite of the Emperor Haile Selassie who gave him his daughter, Princess Tannagné, in marriage and the governorship of the rich southern Ethiopian coffee-growing province of Sidamo. At the outbreak of war he was in command of 25,000 men on the southern front but, although proving a brave and persistent guerilla fighter, was eventually routed, fleeing immediately to the western provinces where he continued operations until meeting his end last week

BOY AND GIRL GO FORTH TO WAR: A new picture from the Madrid front where the amazons are as much in evidence as ever and appear to be better equipped than in the first days of the struggle

India's Princes

STRUGGLE FOR SECURITY

Fearing the Government of India Act as It Comes Into Operation

By LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR GEORGE MACMUNN, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

THE discussion with and between the Princes of India regarding their willingness to join the new Federal India, adumbrated by the India Act, is continuing far beyond the point which Sir Samuel Hoare and his advisers anticipated. Since the India Act cannot fructify without their adherence, the position is disconcerting to all who thought that the Act would go forward in its two parts, without further hitch. The first part as we know, that of provincial autonomy, is about to come into effect, and bids fair as the elections go forward to put into power those vowed—not that their vows need necessarily be taken too seriously—to produce revolution and chaos. The second, the corrective, was to be that in which a federation was to be formed of the provinces and the 500 odd Princes States, the lesser ones being grouped to make a sufficient entity to join.

The demur of the Princes of a couple of years ago was met by Sir Samuel Hoare by amending the original terms of the draft "Instrument of Accession," by signing which the Princes would become members of the Federation. That redrafting is not precise enough to satisfy the Princes, who are adamant in insisting that the wording thereof shall leave no manner of possible loophole, through which it shall be possible for any form of Left Wing government, or doctrinaire Secretary of State, to push them down a slippery plank that would lead to an abrogation of their position. They have been repeatedly assured that no such happening can be imposed on them, and to this their answer is that the wording of their agreement must satisfy them, and that at present it does not. Further they have been informed by their financial advisers that the question of possible loss of revenue requires further investigation, while it is now reported from India that their legal adviser Mr. Morgan, K.C., has told them that if they are not very careful they may lose their status and find themselves in an uncongenial federation from which they cannot recede at will.

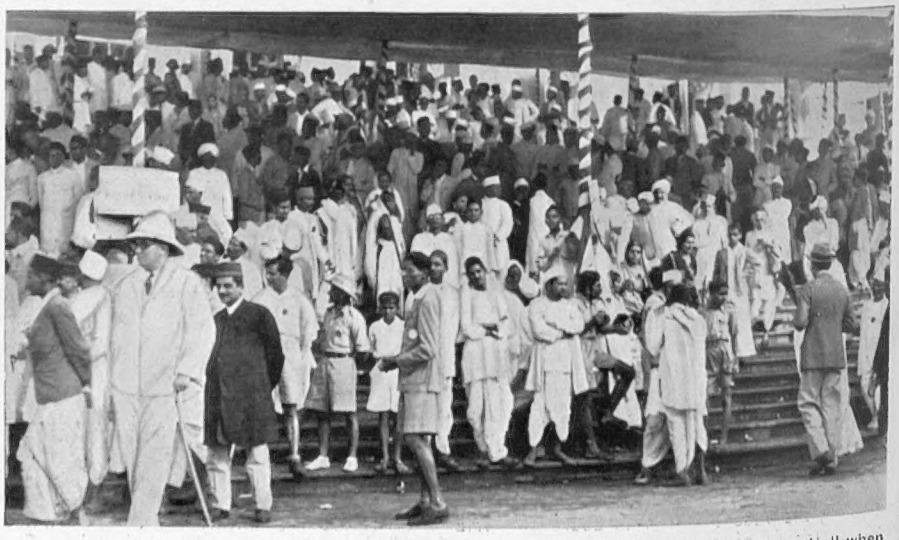
There is, too, one more point. The pretensions of Jowahir Lal Nehru and the revolutionaries in Congress, who have gained so many seats in the first token election, may well make the Princes disinclined to connect themselves with a Federal government in which politics of that type may predominate. What then is this status—this privilege of which they are so jealous? The Princes States consist of five main categories: Firstly, those which have been principalities for many a hundred years, such as the Princes of Rajputana. Secondly, those governors provinces of the Mogul, whose rulers seized autonomy when the Empire went into anarchy and which entered into alliance with the British. Of these the premier State, Hyderabad, is now the sole exemplar. Thirdly, come the freebooter States, carved by Mahratta free-lance leaders during the same anarchy, and who fought the British till compelled to come into alliance. Fourthly, princes who voluntarily sought that alliance as measures of protection against powerful neighbours, of such are the Sikh States; and fifthly, those the British have created themselves of which Jammu-and-Kashmir is the principal exemplar. Now all these treaty States entered into alliance with the East India Company, which was but the Crown in Commission, and when in 1859 the Crown assumed direct administration of India, these treaties were recognised and accepted. Each State is in alliance with the Crown as represented in the person of the Governor-General and not with the Government of India. Any advice and constraint offered or imposed is that of the Crown as the paramount, and of no one else. That is the proud and jealous position in brief that the Princes hold.

They are not democrats, though many are wise rulers who in modern States have introduced modern systems, and have only retained dictatorial powers in case of necessity. Others rule over backward and feudal people and are benevolent dictators and simple, which is what the East likes and understands. A few have been overbearing, cruel, and rapacious and from time to time have been called to order or removed by the paramount Power. By the treaties with the Princes and by the strict observance thereof, after defeat in some cases, in most by good will, the domination of Great Britain in repiecing the broken remnants of the Mogul Empire, was made infinitely easier, if not possible. Those treaties of alliance are inviolable save when the Crown exercises its unchallengeable right as paramount to put wrong things right. As Governor-General and as a great lawyer Lord Reading nailed this principle of paramountcy to the table once and for all.

But the Princes have every right to demand that the Crown, in this sense, shall be something more permanent and better instructed than a Socialist Secretary of State with a political axe to grind. However that may be, the foregoing in brief shows in this our year of Coronation what the Crown must mean to each of the 500 odd Princes States that include one quarter of the population and one-fifth of the area of India. But the Crown is equally important to the Indian provinces and the millions of differing races and faiths as, under the new Act, both provincial governors and the Governor-General will be equipped with Letters of Instruction from the Crown, giving them full power to intervene in legislation that aims at injustice or racial discrimination.

The Crown in fact alone, at long last, can prevent civil war and oppression, and will be the sure cement which alone can prevent India breaking into a thousand pieces once more; and insure the blessing of the Pax Britannica, so laboriously built up after years

(Continued on page 384)

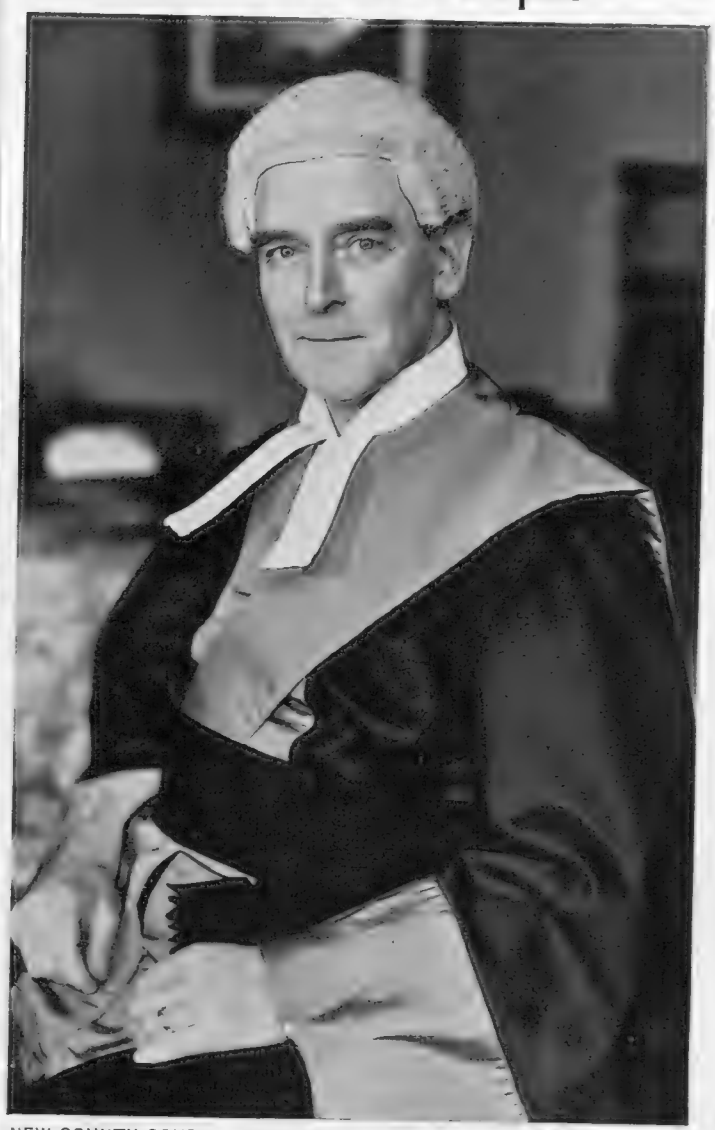


INDIA AT THE POLLS: Canvassers and agents of candidates outside Bombay Town Hall when the polls were opened last month. Throughout the country the elections have shown the strength of the anti-imperial Congress Party which has gained substantial majorities

VARIOUS OCCUPATIONS
Of Varied People

READY
Ga
Cr
To

THE FRAY: Sixteen year-old Fräulein Maxi Herber and Herr Ernst Baier, the holders of the World's Pair Figure Skating Championship, pictured on arrival at before successfully defending their title at Earls' Court Stadium last Monday night. a hard fight against the greatly improved Fräulein Ilse and Herr Erik Pausin of Austria



NEW COUNTY COURT JUDGE: Mr. Francis K. Archer, who was called to the Bar from Lincoln's Inn some twenty-five years ago and took silk in 1923, has been appointed additional judge on Circuit 50 (Brighton)

THIS IS "ROCKET": The baby onagar, which has been raised on the bottle in the London Zoo, and which is now just over two months old, goes for a walk with Keeper Hersey, thus for the first time tasting the delights of the open air. This species of Asiatic wild ass has its natural habitat in Baluchistan, North West India, Persia, Syria, and Arabia, frequenting for the most part desert plains and open tableland. Its sandy or chestnut colouring very closely assimilates it to the horse

NEW FIELDS TO CONQUER: Miss Anna A. L. Huang is the first Chinese woman to take up a career in the diplomatic service and has recently been appointed Third Secretary at the Chinese Embassy in London. More and more women are now entering "the diplomatic" and several have already attained high rank, most notable among them being Madame Alexandra Kollontay, Soviet Minister to Sweden; and Señora Isabel de Palencia, Spanish Minister to Sweden

EUROPEAN TERMINUS OF THE INTER-CONTINENTAL SKYWAY: The *Cambria* on the waters of the River Shannon near Foynes and Rynanna, the harbour which is to be used by the long range Empire flying boats when, in the near future, they inaugurate the new service between Western Ireland and Newfoundland. The *Cambria* has been visiting the spot to carry out a series of experiments to test the efficiency of the Rynanna wireless station which will give the machines their bearings on the ocean crossing

'TWIXT LIMERICK AND CLARE: Looking across from Foynes Island to the River Shannon which, at this point, will be the air base of the Imperial Airways transatlantic flying boats. In time to come it is possible that the place will assume the same importance as Southampton as a port of entry and exit for the thousands of passengers who every year make their way across the western ocean

TO KEEP IN TOUCH: The masts of Rynanna as they are to-day; a short wave wireless station equipped to give bearings to the flying boats as they wing their way across the ocean from Western Ireland to the American coast

PIONEERS: Post Office engineers laying cables at Rynanna

ALL EYES on the SHANNON

The Transatlantic Flying Boat Air Base

'FLU'S GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION: This sketch map (based on the times indicated in recent medical reports) shows in broad outline the course of the influenza epidemic and, interestingly enough, reveals its starting point as Germany. Thence it appears to have spread eastwards to Poland and Czechoslovakia in December, northward to Scandinavia, and westward to Britain, via Holland, where it reached its peak between December and January. It will further be observed how infection would seem to have followed the trade routes and been carried across the Atlantic by steamer

Influenza Takes Its Course

The Latest Epidemic Analysed and Compared with Its Predecessors

SINCE very early times there have been recorded outbreaks of epidemic disease not distinguishable from what we now denote as influenza, outbreaks characterised by their sudden onset, their widespread dissemination, and, in general, their very low fatality rate. The epidemic through which this country has just passed has run true to type and has shown little, if any, differentiation from its predecessors. Although as judged by mortality it has fortunately not reached the level of the last epidemic, that of 1932–3, it certainly must be added to the list of major outbreaks experienced during the present century. With the pandemic of 1918–19 it bears, of course, no comparison whatever, but that, as the official report described it, was "one of the great historic scourges of our time, a pestilence which affected the well-being of millions of men and women and destroyed more human lives in a few months than did the European war in five years."

In addition to its peculiar virulence that world-wide outbreak had one other remarkable characteristic—it everywhere attacked youth, killing neither the very young nor the old but mainly the adolescent and the young adult. Whether that characteristic was symptomatic of the time, with its herding of youth under the rigour of war conditions, no one can tell, but it was an epidemic feature that fortunately has not reappeared in any of the succeeding epidemics in this country, namely those of 1922, 1924, 1927, 1929, 1932–3. Nor was it present in the recent epidemic in which the age distribution of the deaths may be described as normal, approximately half the mortality being borne by persons over 65 years of age.

Leaving out of account the phenomenal events of 1918, influenza seems to change but little; medical descriptions, for instance, of the epidemic of 1833 differ but little (except in style) from the descriptions of that of 1937. But in the last half century influenza has certainly become a more frequent visitor and a more regular and important cause of mortality. After the pandemic of 1847, which is said to have caused in this country more than 5,000 deaths during the six weeks that it lasted, the death rate from influenza followed a downward trend. Between 1870 and 1889 it almost disappeared from our mortality records; but in 1889–92 came a further pandemic, and since then there have been considerable outbreaks every few years. Viewing the disease as a contest between man and germ it may be, in the words of a report to the Ministry of Health, that in the congestion of public transport and the multiplication of public assemblies and entertainments, features which increasingly characterise the development of the European type of civilisation, a strategical advantage was given to the enemy.

With a disease so sudden in onset and so rapid in its evolution it is a difficult task to specify either its first place or its first time of appearance as an epidemic phenomenon. In this country influenza is not a notifiable disease and its course in time and space has mainly to be traced through the weekly records of deaths. In the recent epidemic these records for the 122 great towns of England and Wales showed no cause for alarm in the first three weeks of December; no serious rise in mortality was apparent and the general level was not abnormal. In the fourth week the number of deaths jumped rather abruptly; they rose to 97 from the previous weekly figure of 57. In the following week a very much steeper rise took place and the total reached 325 deaths. In the first week of the new year the number again rose steeply to 768, and in the next three weeks the level remained nearly stationary at the peak of the epidemic with 1,100, 1,137, and 1,155 deaths

In the week ending February 6 the decline began and the deaths fell to 976; in the last two weeks for which the numbers are available they were 697 and 423 (the latter in the week ending February 20). From this record it appears that the epidemic must be nearly at an end, though a considerable number of deaths must doubtless be recorded in the two or three weeks subsequent to February 20 (the published record is, of course, of necessity, a week behind current time and there must also be some days "lag" between cases and deaths). Between the end of November and the third week of February the total number of deaths recorded in these great towns was, it will be seen, nearly 7,000, a figure which may be compared with the 1,000 attributed to influenza in 1935–6 (a non-epidemic year) and nearly 10,000 in 1932–3 (the last epidemic year).

The health reports issued by the League of Nations show that in Germany its recrudescence came some weeks earlier than in this country. According to the published figures the deaths in the large German towns rose from under 100 to nearly 600 between the second week in November and the third week in December, 1936. The incidence was falling from then onwards, at approximately, it will be seen, the same time as it began to rise in this country. In Denmark, the Netherlands and in the United States the disease is also reported to have prevailed during December, generally in a benign form. The latest weekly Public Health Report from Washington, however, shows a very heavy rise both in the number of cases and the number of deaths between the beginning and end of January, broadly parallel with the course in England and Wales.

The disease was also widespread in December in Czechoslovakia and Poland and was reported to be attacking the troops in Spain. Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland, on the other hand, were late comers on the scene and in them the epidemic was still progressing at the end of January and beginning of February. With those exceptions the prevalence seems to have been declining generally from the end of January. Its course through Europe was clearly erratic, and it is impossible to trace with any accuracy the passage of infection. Within England and Wales the trend has been somewhat more sharply defined. The movement has been, roughly, south to north. In the latter the peak of the epidemic was not reached until the end of January.

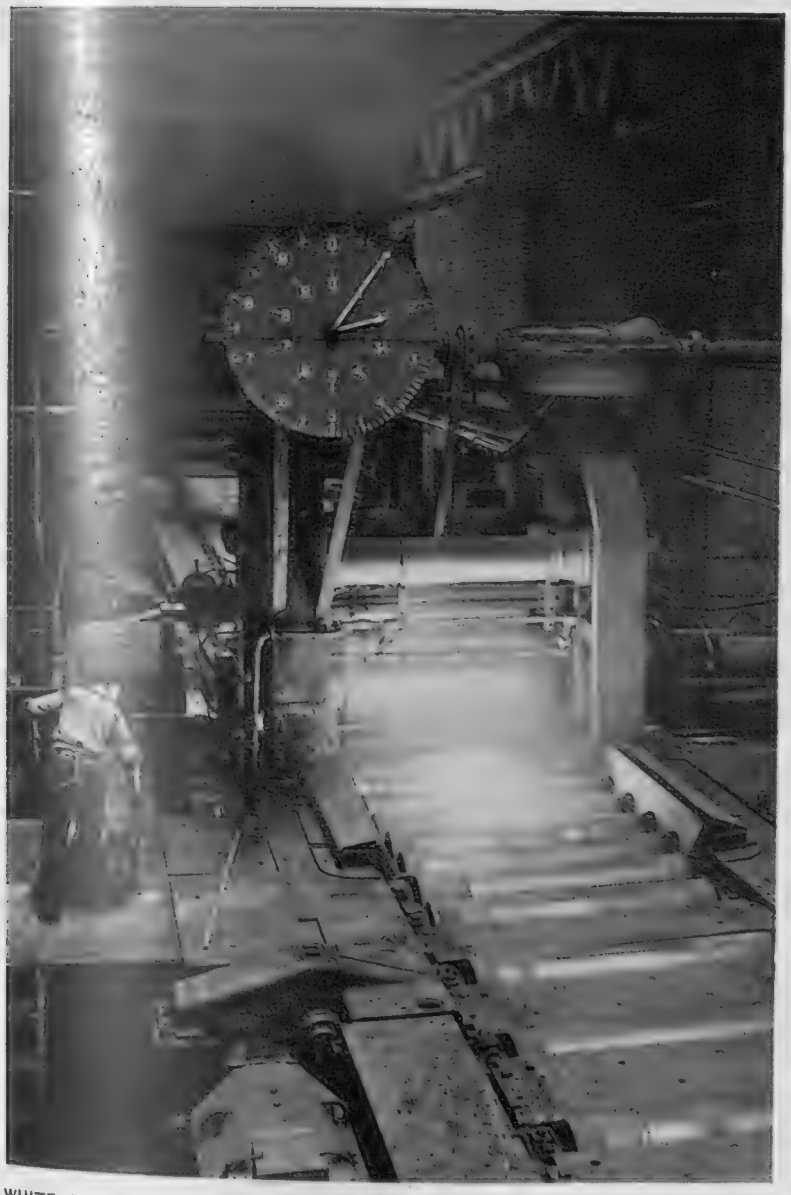
All classes of the community appear to have been attacked, and, as in previous epidemics, its incidence fell both upon the "sanitarily just and unjust." The dislocation caused in professional football circles suggests that physical fitness is not a security against attack, though it may well be against the attack proving fatal or being attended

(Continued on page 386)

STEEL IN DEMAND AS BRITAIN'S HEAVY INDUSTRIES BOOM

Scenes in Some of the Great Production Centres of the North Specially Taken for "The Sphere"

"THE HEAVENS REFLECT OUR LABOURS" is the newly adopted and apposite motto of the town of Scunthorpe, Lincs, which has recently received its charter of incorporation and is to-day one of England's most important steel production centres, the Appleby-Frodingham works (*inset at top*) being responsible for an immense output of this commodity that is in such record demand these days to meet the needs of the booming heavy industries. *Above on left*—A red hot billet passing through the Strip and Bar Mills of the United Steel Companies, Ltd. at Sheffield. *Above on right*—Steel flowing from the ladle to the ingot mould



WHITE HOT INFERNO: Rolling steel plates at the works of the Appleby-Frodingham Company, Scunthorpe, Lincs

William Davis

MOLTEN CASCADE: An impression of the final stage in the tapping of an open hearth furnace at Ickles, Sheffield

The disastrous steel slump of 1930–32, when the output of British furnaces was halved in three years, has given place to a remarkable revival, and a mighty industry is not only on its feet again but doing better than ever before. The world is facing a big shortage of steel, and there is no doubt that from now on Britain will play a large part in meeting the needs of other nations, providing, of course, she can obtain adequate scrap and pig-iron supplies, which at the moment are hard to come by in sufficient quantities. This state of affairs is due chiefly to the fact that countries which previously exported raw material to England are now using it for their own armament programmes. It was feared that several works would have to close down but the steel manufacturers have formulated a scheme whereby two of the largest scrap metal firms will take over the control of national supplies, regulating purchase and distribution.

Steel Production in Britain

		Tons
1913	Monthly average	638,600
1920	,, ,,	755,600
1929	,, ,,	803,000
1932	,, ,,	**438,000**
1935	,, ,,	821,600
1936	,, ,,	974,900
	December	**1,019,200**
1937	January	998,900

BUCKINGHAM PALACE FROM WITHIN

Glimpses of Some of the Lesser Apartments of the Royal Residence, where Decorative Magnificence gives place to Homeliness

THE ROYAL CLOSET: The feature of this room is the marble and ormolu mantelpiece which dates from about the year 1785 and was originally made for the Throne Room at Carlton House from a design by Henry Holland, the architect who did so much work for the Prince of Wales (later George IV) and made Carlton House into a royal residence

THE HOMELY TOUCH: This dressing-room in the Palace, simply and comfortably furnished and with a series of framed Reynolds prints adorning the walls, provides an interesting contrast to the magnificence of the State apartments revealed in a special section in last week's issue of *The Sphere*

A SITTING-ROOM: Another intimate and friendly apartment that has the air of being comfortable to live in, and none of the stiff formality often associated in the public mind with a Royal residence. During President Wilson's stay at the Palace this formed part of the suite at his disposal

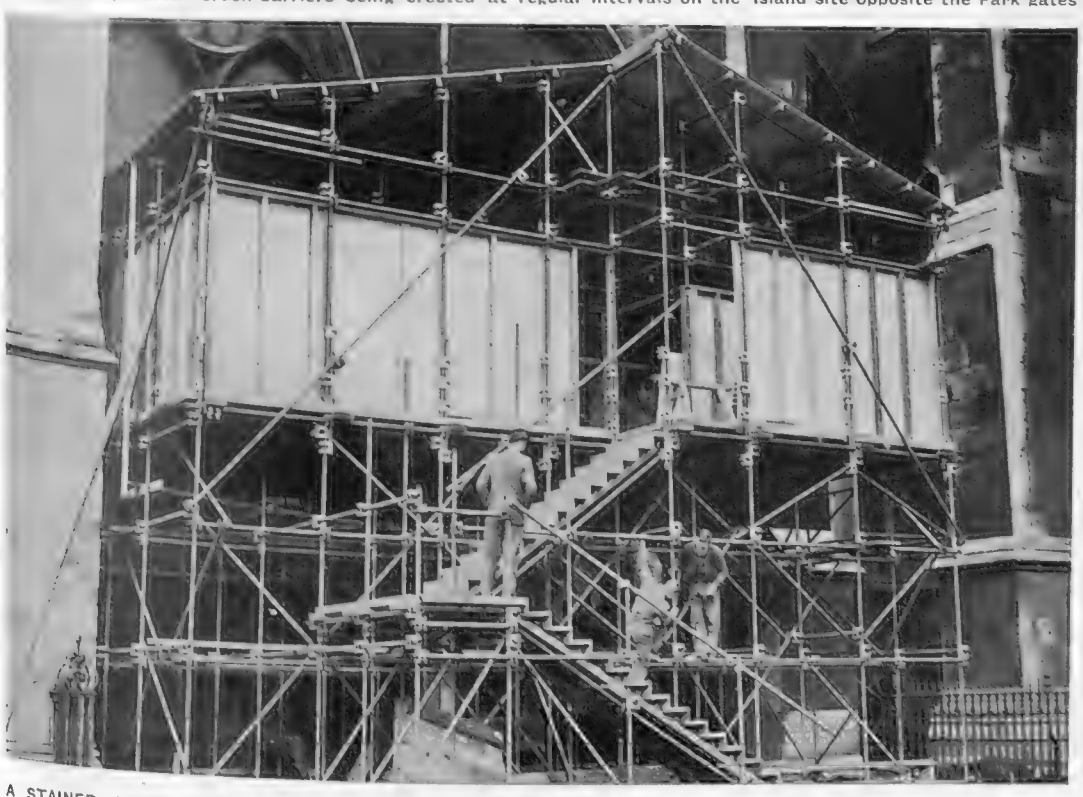
Buckingham Palace, where the King and Queen recently took up residence on leaving their old home at 145, Piccadilly, has many spacious and elaborately adorned State apartments, and these were the subject of a series of pictures in "The Sphere" of February 27. Of almost equal interest, however, are the lesser rooms depicted on this page, where decorative magnificence gives place to homeliness and the general atmosphere is one of solid comfort

On left—A BEDROOM IN THE EMPIRE STYLE: Another part of the suite occupied by Mr. Wilson during his stay at the Palace. On the wall beside the bed is a portrait of Marie Amelie (daughter of Ferdinand, first King of the Two Sicilies, and Maria Carolina of Austria), who married Louis Philippe of France. She herself presented the picture to Queen Victoria

CORONATION PREPARATIONS *Continue Apace*

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT and it will also give some of the spectators in this stand on the roof of Dorchester House, 120 ft. above Park Lane, an opportunity of seeing the Coronation procession practically from the moment it enters Hyde Park at the Marble Arch gate to the moment it disappears through the colonnade at Hyde Park Corner. They will at the same time gain a magnificent impression of the crowds below

NEVER AGAIN: At the funeral of King George V the crowd surged into the roadway at Marble Arch, holding up the procession for some minutes, so for the Coronation steps have been taken to prevent a repetition of that incident, football crush barriers being erected at regular intervals on the island site opposite the Park gates



A STAINED GLASS WINDOW HAS BEEN REMOVED FROM THE NORTH WALL OF THE ABBEY and a stairway built up to the entrance so made. This will be used on Coronation day by members of the congregation having seats in the north aisle and it is anticipated will relieve congestion considerably and ease the work of the ushers

CROWD CONTROL: This loudspeaker placed near the top of the Marble Arch will relay police instructions

CORONATION WEAR: Trying on one of the new blue uniforms which have been approved by the King and will be seen in public for the first time on May 12. They fit the figure more closely than the khaki jacket and are smarter in cut. Regimental colours will be worn on the cap

WHERE DEVALUATION HAS BROUGHT NEW PROSPERITY: A glimpse of Menton, the famed Riviera resort visited by Ferdinand Tuohy during his 250 mile journey of investigation along the Mediterranean coast from Genoa to Marseilles

Three Worlds in 250 Miles

A Journey Along the Coast of Destiny from Genoa, in Regimented Italy, Through Gay and Smartened Monte Carlo, to Red Toulon and Marseilles

By FERDINAND TUOHY

AT Genoa it was hailing and storming as I made my way through the evening rush hour of the Via Roma towards a well-remembered little fish restaurant down by the port. The Via Roma, a long, straight, downhill thoroughfare, was plastered from end to end with two-deep portraits of a defiant, orating Duce. It was just one corridor of that face, the placards barely a foot apart. Beneath such unlimited portraiture of their saviour the Genoese scurried home, I seemingly alone paying any attention to the face. The general ignoring is part of the price paid for the national policy of *sagre* or the interminable "rites" and demonstrations organised to gloss over mean times. Cheap making, one would hazard.

The little fish restaurant was just the same as of old—right glad to see the Inglese—until the wireless started up. Then there were pæans for Franco and a superior mirth with regard to the funk-derived efforts towards non-intervention by the French and English.

The impression I got of Italy is that much more attention is now being paid to Mussolini outside of Italy than inside it. In the country itself, a species of tired resignation would seem to have set in among most save the young, the older of whom, however, are said to be developing the keenest hankering to *live better*. Those are the words, and I do not mean colonies by them but the normal amenities of life. Lots of Italians want more of the things other people (such as the rotten democrats) have got. A glittering empire and scaring rich neighbours are not enough. What about better food, feathers and quarters, better distraction, a spot of travel? After fifteen years of monotonous sacrifice? What about cheaper bread, butter, meat, cheese, pasta? Prices only ascend.

Few Italians but are impressed by their country's new-found prestige; it has all been so brilliantly one-man and dramatic; nevertheless the Fascist system must execute its responsibilities, having undertaken to provide everything—progress, reform, conversation, diversion, stability, material advance, and spiritual fulfilment.

Publicly every blessed thing may be attributed to the godhead of the Fourth Italy (who said Third Reich?), everything, from the latest Caproni bomber success to the fertility of bunnies. As none others can the Italians pile on the adulation, yet they possess a disconcerting parallel trait in mockery. You will overhear the transfixed young disciple who is certain his Duce is the solution of all things here below, young man who has never trodden a yard of foreign soil nor read a line relating to the world without and its inhabitants that has not been studiously cooked for his benefit; but, knowing Italians summat, I'll wager the discreet mockers remain heavily in the majority. The yarns one hears about the new Emperor of the Ethiops, second only to those about Göring, convey a good deal.

Well, well, let us leave this so subdued land whose master realist assuredly appreciates that the decadent Inglesi are unlikely to stand the same degree of rotting in the future as in the past.

At Ventimiglia, much superfluous dignity and functioning over passports, baggage, money-changing, ultimate totalitarian kick by gorgeous young men in uniform, and then one enters a new world whose feel is completely different. My constant inclination, upon re-entering France from a totalitarian State, is to stand the first French douanier a drink.

The French Riviera, from Menton to St. Raphael and beyond, has this winter returned to life after very nearly conking. It had been madly over-developed, and six crisis years, one worse than the last, were frankly putting a vital corner of France on the toboggan, economically. None sighed more for devaluation than the departments of the Var and Alpes Maritimes. It was withheld too long—one reason why it has not succeeded—but the Riviera is honestly fighting back. It has had rare luck in the best winter sunshine in a decade, sunshine which long-deprived ones have revelled in. I also had contact with a new and genuine friendly courtesy, and, of all things, a rigid keeping down of prices to what is offered. Years of despair seem to have given these people sense. Another thing, there has not been the remotest sign of social unrest affecting the visitor. Actually, things are more that way in the North.

If a certain seediness is manifest here and there, similar to the Inner Town of Vienna, it is a refurbished Riviera for many returning devotees. The principal change, I should say, is in roads and transportation. These costly and intensely difficult of construction mountain and coastal highways have other than touristic origin and value, but there they are. And they are not half finished. Such items as a huge sea-hugging highway from Cannes to Menton is under way, together with a Corniche extension high above Monte towards the Italian frontier. And there is no space at all to dilate on what is going on in the mountains behind. Another boon is the coming of the "Miche." If you call it that, the locals rather haughtily correct "Monsieur means the autorail?" But "Miche" (for Micheline, the single motor-coaches tearing along the main railway instead of lumbering, half-empty trains) suits matters much better, and time and again I have heard Britannics opine to one another: "Why the blazes don't we have these at home?"

As an instance, you can get from Cannes to Marseilles in 2¼ hrs. in a "Miche." And the effect is of being seated in armchair-comfort in an observation car. And there is only one class third—with certain slight extra charges for rapides, or bullet "Miches." Just one drawback exists in the smell of oil vapour from the diesels, and this should be amended by air conditioning because too much of it tends to render one slightly comatose.

A further innovation concerns the cutting of paths for walkers along the coast, well away and above the motor-ridden main road. These should be particularly welcome in the summer season. I walked from La Napoule to Agay hardly touching the main road, and then resumed from beyond Fréjus right round to St. Tropez without touching it at all except to cross. A sad sight in these latitudes is presented by the wholesale burning of the glorious Esterel pine forests. The summer sun is supposed to be exclusively responsible, yet some while ago, in Lyon, Professor Locard of the police laboratory there, told me how shepherds turn to arson for varying reasons.

To revert: in protected, hottest Menton you apparently concentrate upon reading in the sun, gossiping—this season with a decisive capital "S"—excursioning, trotting over to Monte for a dab at roulette, playing bridge, and knitting. A French friend was vastly amused when he came to dine. "What do they put on their robes-de-soirée, for your English ladies, only to knit?"

High above Menton sits André Tardieu, at work on five volumes of French politics of his time. The best thing about Tardieu is his palate for wine. This was roughly agreed upon with the first person I recognised in Menton, who had just come down from lunch with T. Other things were not agreed upon. My friend proceeded to emit reams of pro-Fascism, said he could show me acknowledgments by the most Roman high of his pro-Fascist writings. And I laughed and laughed because I knew that he was once more Left than Léon Blum, but had since become a rentier.

Monte Carlo looked swell. In the lean years M. René Léon (since departed) smartened up the whole works from Edwardian habits and looks. A notable improvement is the open air, deck chair, sun bar above the Terrace. Quiet string-band airs at midday, a shimmering, golden-cum-azure setting all about, positive heat haze, and what more do you want in mid-winter.

Glancing through "those noticed last night" in the International Sporting Club, one might be led to think that Monte Carlo is itself again, returned to normal, but there one would be wrong. To live, Monte has had to come off its golden perch and democratise itself, and if crowds denote anything, the enforced policy is succeeding. Up to recent times, Monte Carlo was kept by the Casino which, in turn, relied for its dizzy profits on rich gamblers who went on and on till they lost. Those days and gamblers are gone for ever. Even the richest now stop when they have won, while the vast bulk of the staking is to-day done by extremely careful mortals, ranging from the well-off and fairly so to the quite humble pocket. In the "Kitchen," now free of entrance and stuffier than ever, you can play the whole afternoon with 5 franc chips and perhaps not lose or win ten shillings. Shades of bibulous, bewhiskered Grand Dukes in these same halls, fingering their piles of louis d'or!

The new Monte is a stranger mixture than ever. At certain times of day French and foreign trippers swarm. Honest-to-goodness trippers intermingling with whom are to be seen the fairest and the poshest in Mayfair, the Avenue du Bois, and kindred millionaire walks.

The gambling revolution has led to an administrative one. The Casino no longer keeps the Principality. It pays the Government more, and Monaco is now run by its Government—rather amusing if you come to think that but one-thirteenth of the population is Monegasque, against approximately 10,000 each of French and Italians in a total of 24,000. But avaunt statistics.

In les Fruits Bar, I encounter a dear colleague. It seems that Mr. Eden has spent the morning dishing out colonies, in the adjacent Hotel de Paris, to Colonel Beck, The dear colleague shows me a carbon of some thick stuff he has cabled. Next morning I see that Mr. Eden is staying with his sister, on Cap Ferrat, and that he had not been near Monte Carlo the previous day. But does a little thing like that matter? *Jamais de la vie*, these truly penetrating times.

I visited les Fruits Bar in order to test whether there was any sort of a kick, any sort, in "Marlene and Greta cocktails made from fruit and vegetables after the recipes of Galeyford Hauser, counsellor of Hollywood stars, with all their vitamins (of the cocktails) replacing Martinis and Manhattans." Well, lots of us have got all the vitamins we want and would be positively frightened to develop any

(Continued on page 384)

THE "MICHE": This is the popular name for the rail cars that are proving such a success on the Riviera, providing speedy travel with low running costs. They cover the hundred or so miles from Cannes to Marseilles in approximately 2¼ hrs.

A Sphere Survey

THE FAITHFUL FORGATHER: *Left*—Cardinal Dougherty, of Philadelphia, the Papal representative, taking part in the procession of the Host through the streets, the culminating event at the Eucharistic Congress held recently in Manila, capital of the Philippine Commonwealth. *Right*—An aspect of the procession before darkness set in, showing white-clad girl participants

On left—FINLAND'S NEW PRESIDENT: M. Kyosti Kallio watching the votes of the Electoral College being checked over on the second ballot just before his election was announced. M. Kallio was born in 1873 of peasant stock, and for many years has been leader of the influential Agrarian Party. He is one of the country's most experienced parliamentarians, having been Prime Minister thrice

On right—MINGLING POLITICS AND SPORT: General Göring, the Prussian Premier and Reich Air Minister, and M. Moscicki, the Polish President (right) with a wild pig and wolves brought down by them during their recent hunting trip in the ancient forest of Bialowieza, home of the urox, last survivors of their race, and of the diminishing European lynx. Part of this forest is to-day preserved as a national park

VIGIL: Marshal Voroshilov, People's Commissar for Defence, and M. Stalin standing in the Trade Union House, Moscow, where the body of their colleague, M. Orghonikidze lay in state following his sudden death from heart failure in his flat at the Kremlin. Orghonikidze, one of the "Old Bolsheviks" and a friend of Stalin since childhood, had been Commissar for Heavy Industry since 1930 and was responsible for maintaining the pace of the Soviet's programme of industrialisation

AN OCCASION OF DIPLOMATIC OFFENCE: White bearded General Granicer, Chief of the "All for the Fatherland League," Corneliu Codreanu, Captain of the Iron Guard, Rumania's Fascist organisation, and Prato Y. Scutzo, former Spanish Ambassador in Bucharest and now a supporter of General Franco, standing in the snow during the recent funeral in Bucharest of two members of the Iron Guard who had been killed in Spain while fighting for the rebel cause. The ceremony was attended by several foreign diplomats, a fact interpreted by King Carol as nothing less than interference in his country's internal affairs

When MALAGA FELL

PAUSE BY THE WAYSIDE: These peasants, who earlier in the war had sought refuge in Government-held Malaga, were among many sent back to their homes by Franco as soon as he captured the town, and they are pictured here resting during their journey. In the foreground is a Civil Guard

RESTORING ORDER IN THE CAPTURED SEAPORT: The Duke of Seville, a cousin of ex-King Alfonso, who has been appointed Military Governor of Malaga

CASUALTY: This gun-boat of the Spanish navy was employed by the reds in the defence of Malaga, but was soon reduced to impotence by rebel artillery fire and her captain eventually grounded her close inshore in order to avoid sinking. The bridge and deck were badly shattered

BACK TO THE LAND: Another aspect of the homeward trek of the 150,000 or more refugees whom Franco found in the town, fed, and then ordered to return to their farms. Many had to walk but this family, more fortunate than the rest, was able to travel by bullock cart

PLIGHT OF THE DISPOSSESSED: The homes of these citizens were refuge in the cathedral. For several days they were without were distributed free—a factor that had much to do with the speedy

INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THE PENINSULA CONFLICT: A peasant girl and her young brothers on their way from Malaga, where they had sought refuge earlier in the campaign, to their home in Andalusia, from which they had fled as the tide of fighting approached. Many such countryfolk were found to be in Malaga when the rebels captured the place, but General Franco decided that they must return home in view of the fact that their presence in the town created a serious food shortage

bombarded out of existence during the rebel attack and they were forced to take food, but on the arrival of Franco's men supplies brought by boat from Cadiz pacification of the town. Milk and bread had been scarce for months before this

VICTORY PARADE: The Duke of Seville, Malaga's Governor, mounted in the centre of a group of officers at the open air mass held in the town after its capture. The buildings in the background are more or less intact, it will be observed

ACCLAIMING THE CONQUERORS: An isolated group of rebel sympathisers raising their arms in the Fascist salute as General Franco's men marched into and occupied the town which had been one of their objectives ever since the civil war began last July

PALESTINE STILL SEETHING

Its Pacification Far From Being a Reality—A Grim Warning

WHERE DANGER YET LURKS: Police on duty within the walls of a Jewish agricultural settlement, ready to meet a possible attack from the Arab bands that are still abroad in the Holy Land. The walls are built of wood with stones between

"DANGER Ahead in Palestine" was the title of a most revealing and clearly worded article appearing in the *Morning Post* from its correspondent in Jerusalem and, such is its note of warning, THE SPHERE takes the liberty of reproducing herewith some of its more potent paragraphs which show clearly enough that the pacification of the Holy Land is not only far from being a reality but almost as far away as it was before Britain sent her troops there last year.

"The country is completely out of hand," states the writer, "and even the Arabs are now asking whether there is not a Government to protect them against blackmail and terrorism. Travellers on the main roads go at full speed, and carry nothing of value with them. One is advised by the police to be off the rural roads by dark. Christian Arabs living in Muslim villages are in terror of their lives.

"Meanwhile the peaceful inhabitants of the country of all creeds (and I am convinced that they are the vast majority) are sitting on the edge of a volcano which may again be stirred into artificial activity at any moment at the call of the fanatical minority.

GUN AND PLOUGHSHARE: Work in the fields is unsafe and the farmer must needs take his gun with him wherever he goes

"The troops have melted away to a comparative handful, having done little more than occasion an enormous expense to this country, with only a temporary moral effect, now rapidly dwindling. It is freely conjectured that they will be back again in the not distant future, to complete the work which they were prevented from doing before. Both men and officers have been quite bewildered by the fact that operations have frequently been cancelled at the moment when they were on the point of being successful.

"I can find nothing to support the Arab claim that unless their demands are granted, the neighbouring Arab countries will rise to their help. In considering the demand of the Arab Committee for nothing less than an independent Arab State, it must not be forgotten that the Oriental is an inveterate bargainer. Just as an Arab merchant asks twice as much as he expects to get for his wares, and revels in the resulting bargaining, so also in politics.

"Further delay is definitely dangerous. Nothing has been done in all these months to disarm the bands which were raised during the summer by the Arab Higher Committee, and which are still in unpleasantly active operation.

"It is time that the problem should be settled once and for all and the recommendations of the Royal Commission, when made, carried out with the utmost firmness and determination."

PREPARED FOR TROUBLE: This Jewish agricultural settlement is protected by a barbed wire fence and in the centre is a watch-tower from which a strong searchlight is directed on the surrounding countryside throughout the hours of darkness

Britain's New Battleships

Why We Are Building These Giant Craft That Cost £8,000,000 or More Apiece

GREAT BRITAIN has not built a battleship for a decade. The last of such ships built were both revolutionary in design and exceedingly ugly in appearance. In ten years much has happened. Enormous improvements have been made in engineering and shipbuilding practice and in weapons both of defence and attack. Not least among the latter is the development of air power. The question of what the new battleships will look like, and what their characteristics will be, is therefore of great interest and exercising the forecasting faculties of all maritime nations.

The only thing that has been announced about the new battleships is that the first two—which were laid down on New Year's Day—will have a displacement not greater than 35,000 tons and will mount 14-in. guns as the main armament. The question of the main armament of future capital ships at present remains on the knees of Japan. The limit stands at 14 inches only if Japan agrees to such a limit before April 1st of this year. If she does not agree there will almost certainly be a reversion to the 16-in. gun, if not the production of ships carrying even larger weapons. Since the development of weapons demands increased protection and defensive qualities, it is now admitted that an increase in gun calibre must be accompanied by an increase in displacement. It is estimated that an efficient battleship mounting 16-in. guns would have a displacement of about 48,000 tons. Naturally, the majority of naval powers are anxious to avoid such an increase in size, for it would dictate enormous expenditure upon docking facilities as well as upon the ships themselves.

So far as protection is concerned, side armour will certainly stay, and to it will be added deck armour on a scale not hitherto contemplated. The need for economising as far as possible in weight of armour will obviously have a great effect upon the arrangement and appearance of the ship. Anti-aircraft weapons will be mounted in far greater profusion than in former ships: it has been stated that twelve or sixteen 4·7 in. anti-aircraft guns are likely to be carried in addition to the multi-barrelled pom-poms and smaller weapons.

The speed of the new battleships will certainly be greater than that hitherto associated with ships of the line. In view of the high speed given to ships built and building abroad it is probable that our new battleships will have a speed of 30 knots, or even slightly more. This increase in speed of the battleship will make an accomplished fact the long-predicted fusion of the battleship and battle-cruiser into a single type. Up to the present the battleship has been essentially a ship of the line, with heavy protection and a maximum speed seldom in excess of 23 knots, while the battle-cruiser had a high speed, in the attainment of which protective qualities were sacrificed. When the *Queen Elizabeth* class of battleships appeared in 1915 with a speed of 25 knots the first step in this fusion was taken. But it was promptly arrested, for the need for greater under-water protection cut down the speed of these ships to the accepted battleship standard.

The fusion of these types has been due to developments in engineering which enabled the *Nelson* to be built with only eight boilers as opposed to the twenty-four boilers of the *Queen Elizabeth*. This factor, of course, has tended greatly to simplify the problem of protection and will therefore have its effect upon the appearance of the new ships.

Another fusion of types has been predicted—the fusion of the capital ship with the aircraft carrier. In the new capital ships it is almost certain that we shall see the first steps towards this combination, in that the ships will carry a greater number of aircraft than have former ships, and that hangar accommodation for the aircraft will be provided.

From the strategical and tactical requirements of the ships and the factors made practicable by developments in shipbuilding and engineering, it is possible to forecast to some extent the appearance of the first two of the new battleships.

They will almost certainly mount twelve 14-in. guns, and the probability is that these will be arranged in four turrets of three guns each. With four turrets the arrangement of the whole main armament forward, as in the *Nelson* and *Rodney*, would be difficult. It is probable, therefore, that at least one, and probably two, of the turrets will be arranged so that the guns can fire astern. In order to give the greatest possible protection to the vitals of the ships, they will in all probability consist of a sort of armoured citadel within the ship itself. This armoured citadel will have the barbettes of the main armament turrets at each end and the engines and boilers in the centre. At the sides will be grouped the secondary armament of 6-in. guns, also in turrets, and the anti-aircraft armament. The tower-like structure of bridges and control positions used in the *Nelson* and *Rodney*—and known in those ships as "Queen Anne's Mansions"—will certainly be retained.

It would appear, therefore, that so far as essentials are concerned, the appearance of the new ships will suggest a compromise between the *Nelson* and *Rodney* and the design of the capital ships of twenty years ago.

And why do we want these ships, costing some £8,000,000 apiece? There has been much agitation for the abolition of the capital ship, and the report of the Sub-Committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence which inquired into the vulnerability of the capital ship to air attack, was not entirely definite. "If capital ships are essential to our security, we must have them. We are dependent, as is no other nation, on the maintenance of our overseas trade. We have more to lose by making a false decision in so vital a matter than has any other Power." The report cited the fact that no other naval Power proposed to do away with the capital ship, and pointed out that, if the capital ship was obsolete and we built them we should be wasting money, but if the theories of the abolitionists turned out to be wrong "we would, in putting them to the test, have lost the Empire."

The plain fact is that so long as any maritime power has a capital ship all the other navies must also have them. With a fleet at sea it is the submarine or the aircraft which first sights the enemy. It is then the duty of the light forces to drive in the enemy light forces and obtain accurate information of the enemy fleet. Finally comes the battlefleet, assisted and protected by its destroyers to fight the real battle.

If there were no battleships on either side the real battle would be between the most powerful cruisers on each side. It is the same with convoying. The escort must be adequate to the threat. During the great war when the Scandinavian convoys were threatened by a section of the High Sea Fleet, the escort of the convoy included a squadron of battleships. Naval warfare is very much a game of threat and counter, and the navy without the material for the ultimate threat must be in a position in which its bluff may be called at any moment.

Kenneth Edwards

The NAVY *and its* AIR ARM:

A Branch of the Fighting Forces Fully Catered for in the New Defence Scheme

TAKING OFF IN A CHOPPY SEA: A Hawker Osprey sends up a cloud of spray before leaving the water during exercises in the Mediterranean; a type of plane that can also be released from the deck of a warship by catapult. This branch of the fighting services, known as the Fleet Air Arm, is well catered for in the Government's defence programme, and in a recently issued White Paper it was revealed that another 250 machines were to be built

HOME FROM SERVICE: Piling shells on deck, off Sheerness, ready to send ashore in accordance with port orders before entering Chatham Harbour. A scene on board H.M.S. *Sussex* on her return home after a 2½-year commission. It was this cruiser that carried the Duke of Gloucester to Australia for the Melbourne Centenary Celebrations

SOARING INTO ACTION: A war-plane of the Fleet Air Arm rising into the air after leaving the deck of the Aircraft Carrier *Courageous* during exercises in Mediterranean waters. The trail of steam from the fore part of the vessel's flight deck indicates the wind direction to pilots

PRINCELY INDIA

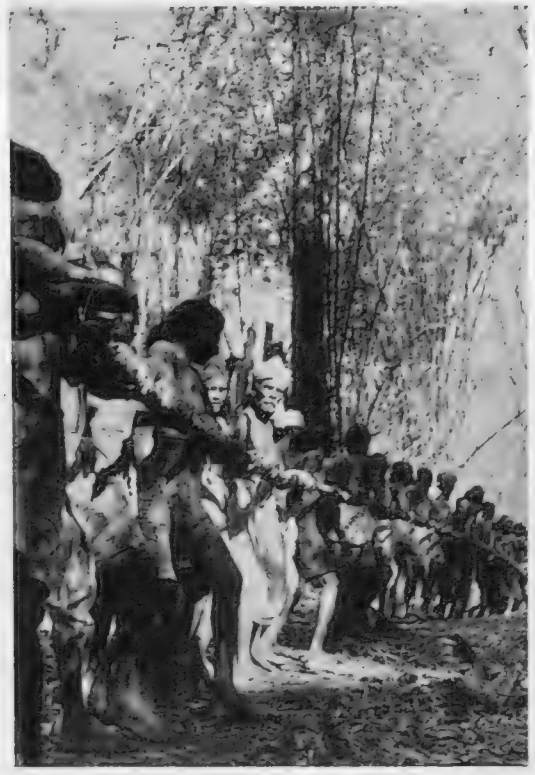
Rejoicings in Hyderabad and Other Pictures

JUBILEE PAGEANTRY IN THE NIZAM'S DOMAINS: The ruler of Hyderabad, who has the triple distinction of being the premier Indian prince, the richest Indian prince, and the ruler over the biggest Indian State, has recently been celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of his reign, and his capital has been the scene of many magnificent and glittering ceremonies. These two pictures were taken on the occasion of a great military review in which some 10,000 troops of the State army participated. *Left*—Princess Niloufer, the Turkish bride of the Nizam's second son, arriving on the parade ground to witness the march past. *Above*—The Prince of Berara, the Nizam's heir and the Commander-in-Chief of the Hyderabad forces, resplendent in a uniform lavishly adorned with gold braid

IN DURBAR DRESS: The Maharaja of Gwalior, who attained his majority and was invested last autumn with due ceremony, pictured in the elaborate costume he wears on all State occasions and with a costly rope of pearls round his neck. His Highness comes of a long line of fighting men

AIR-MINDED: The Maharaja of Baroda walking from his plane on arrival at Croydon from Paris a few days ago. He has come over for the Coronation and the Imperial Conference and has taken up residence at Haslemere. He ascended the gadi in 1875 and has already celebrated his diamond jubilee

KEDDAH *in the* MYSORE JUNGLE



BUILDING A GIANT TRAP: Natives engaged in making the stockade in the ... into which the elephants are driven during the final phase of the ...-up. *Left*—Erecting a section of posts and rails consisting of mighty logs tightly secured with ropes. *Centre*—A long pull and a strong pull to manœuvre timber into position. *Right*—The great gate which is dropped to the ground after the last elephant has passed beneath it into the enclosure beyond

...hen Wild Elephant ... Driven into the ...ckade and Made ... Servants of Man—

An Exciting Aspect of Indian Life Specially Pictured and Described for "The Sphere"

THERE is great hustling and bustling within ...ative huts, for rumours, which for several ...eeks already have animated the evening ... awakened the hopes and warmed the he... of all, are at last taking shape: a ked... is being prepared. The men are rejuve...ted. The medals won in former ...ddahs are taken out, lovingly polished, proudly shown to the young ones w... ambition they represent.

The ...ghts of watching, the days of expecta...n, the hours of anxiety, of hope, of ...right . . . the excitement of the ...final beat of the previous kedd... . . . all those events are recall... ...them, embellished by the years that have passed, transformed by the enthusiasm and the warmth that the thought of the days to come brings.

The ... has spread many leagues around ... jungle men and the villagers answer the call. The Kurubas, the aborigines of the Mysore jungle, are given the task of tracking the elephants and keeping the Forest Officer posted as to the movements of the herds. Born and bred in the jungle, the Kurubas have no fear of their wild environment. They know that the tiger will respect their peace if they respect his, but they show the greatest consideration to the wild elephant. Through living in close contact with him they have learnt that it is wiser to climb a tree—which they do with such ease—and remain silent, allowing the elephant to pass unmolested rather than attempt to frighten him away. For the drives of the elephants it is feared that their reflex would guide them too impetuously towards a friendly tree; for this reason they are very seldom used in the beats.

The villagers, therefore, are entrusted with the task of encircling and holding the wild herd. Living in their peaceful hamlets, they have not developed the simian agility of the jungle men and will therefore endeavour to keep the beast at bay with whatever means they have.

In haste the men get ready. What do they need to make their abode in the jungle where the capture will take place? The rag around their loins, the pugaree on their head are all their clothing: that tattered rug, a bed; two pots—marvels of Indian handicraft—a bag of rice, and their living is assured for several days; their indispensable friend, the cutty—a long-bladed knife—with which they hack their way through the jungle.

SUPERINTENDING THE DRIVE: The Forest Officer, who is mounted on the tame elephant in the centre and is the only man to carry a rifle, is the organiser-in-chief of the keddah

FROM FREEDOM TO CAPTIVITY: A giant tusker lumbering through the jungle in the wake of the herd along the well-worn elephant trail. On this trail has been placed the stockade, its timbers cunningly camouflaged

Every year, the elephants are forced to migrate for food and water. On an old established trail, the stockade will be built. For our keddah we chose a site near the river where the water is not very deep and which the elephants have used as a crossing place for years. Practically down to the water's edge, we ran our guiding posts, funnel shaped, into which the driven elephants were directed to the stockade.

Steel and concrete seem to be words without significance in this part of the world. To build the huge stockade which will have to withstand the assaults of possibly up to a hundred elephants, their strength increased tenfold by their despair, their terror, only the resources of the jungle are utilised. Enormous logs are used for the posts and rails. They are lashed together with thick ropes made of sisal fibre.

The implements are very rudimentary: an iron bar to dig and half a coco-nut shell to scoop the earth from the hole.

To place the huge logs which will support the gate of the stockade, the help of the tame elephant is required. Trained for all works of the forest, the tame elephant co-operates intelligently with men. Kneeling before the log which he will have to lift, he places one end on his tusks, secures it with his trunk, then rises slowly, raising the log as high as he can while the men, pulling on the ropes, manœuvre the log into position.

The stockade built, the testing of the gate takes place. As sailors hoist their sails, about fifty men heave on a stout rope which raises the gate. The gate is then tied to a solid rail on which a reliable cool-headed man is posted.

Everything is ready with the exception of the camouflage of the stockade. This can only be done on the morning of the final drive as the foliage must

(*Continued on next page*)

KEDDAH IN THE MYSO

When Wild Elephant Are Driven to the Stockade ar
Man—A Round-up in which a Thousand or More Nativ

RAISING THE DUST: A pair of elephants skirting a river when on the long annual trail in search of food. In this case, though, they are not to reach their journey's end, for a great stockade has been erected on the path of migration, and once they enter it there is little hope of effecting an escape

(Continued from previous page)

be fresh in order not to rouse any suspicion in the elephants, who would otherwise sense the trap and draw away.

The Kurubas send news that a large herd is moving in favourable position; 1,200 men are despatched in the jungle, posted at a distance of 10 to 20 yards, according to the density of the jungle, forming a belt of a circumference of approximately 10 miles, encircling the elephants. These men carry no weapons. They rely for their security upon the instinctive aversion of the elephants for fire and any strange noise. Bamboos split into long strips tied together will procure the torch whose flame will frighten the elephants; another section of bamboo cut and split to make a kind of clapper gives the penetrating sharp noise that will make him turn away. And so yelling, clapping, brandishing the blazing bamboos, they push, by slow stages, the wild herd to the stockade, shortening more and more their circle.

The men rest and get some sleep between the drives, for the nights will find them on the qui vive, maintaining their wood fires to keep the elephants in their enclosure, breaking the monotony of the watch by their shrieks, a sudden and sharp rattling of the improvised clapper.

Mounted on a tame elephant, assisted by his chief mahout and his ranger, the Forest Officer supervises the movements of the drives. He has the responsibility of the keddah: its failure would mean his also—its success his fame. He is the only man to have a rifle while his ranger carries a shotgun. Should the line of beaters be broken by a charging elephant, they immediately form it up by presenting a more solid front with their

PRESSING THROUGH THE JUNGLE TWILIGHT: [illegible] driven relentlessly forw[illegible] has been set up. They travel at a good pace, fr[illegible] bewildered by the nois[illegible]

CROSSING THE FORD: *Above and on right*—Driven on by the beaters the elephants seek the only path of no resistance and plunge into the shallow waters of the river. On the farther bank the track continues towards the gate of the stockade

YSORE JUNGLE

tockade and Made the Servants of More Native Beaters May Take Part

relentlessly forward, nears the point at which the stockade dered by the noise of the converging beaters behind them

IN MOTHER'S FOOTSTEPS: Baby elephants following on the heels of their parent in the jungle procession. The track they follow has been created in times past by the countless tread of thousands of their kind making their way to new pastures

tame elephants, firing to add pandemonium and protecting the beaters as much as possible against the charging elephant.

The drives might last a week, sometimes a month, sometimes longer, according to the distance over which they will have to bring the elephants, according also to the luck or misfortune of the beats. An unfruitful drive and the morale of the men is low, for they always remember a god—they have so many—whom they have omitted to propitiate in the approved manner. The ire of the Mighty appeased by some offering, all is well again.

On the day of the final drive, men and beasts are only a few yards apart. The men find their energy in the anticipation of the success of their hunt. They forget their weariness, their need of sleep. They have mastered the mighty with their instinctive skill. Humble as they are, they know the glory of having conquered. They are drunk with the re-invigorating feeling. It fills their hearts, their minds . . . it gives fresh vitality to their limbs.

The final drive at last. The tight mass of the 1,200 frantic men vociferating, gesticulating . . . the blazing, crackling bamboos, the exasperating clappers . . . and the elephants, maddened, panic-stricken, flee, trumpeting in anger, in anguish, to swim across the river and rush towards the only passage . . . to the stockade. In their terror they do not forget their duty: the tusker is still leading the herd, the mothers help the babies to swim across.

The gate is dropped, the capture is good, the men are delirious. And the elephants, the lords of the jungle, give us the spectacle of the misery of impotent strength. They crush each other, they trample on the fallen, they howl, they cry.

Do the elephants forget? The tame elephants captured a few years ago do not seem to regret their submission to man: they enjoy collaborating with him, and in the struggles between man and their wild brothers it is to the man that they give their help.

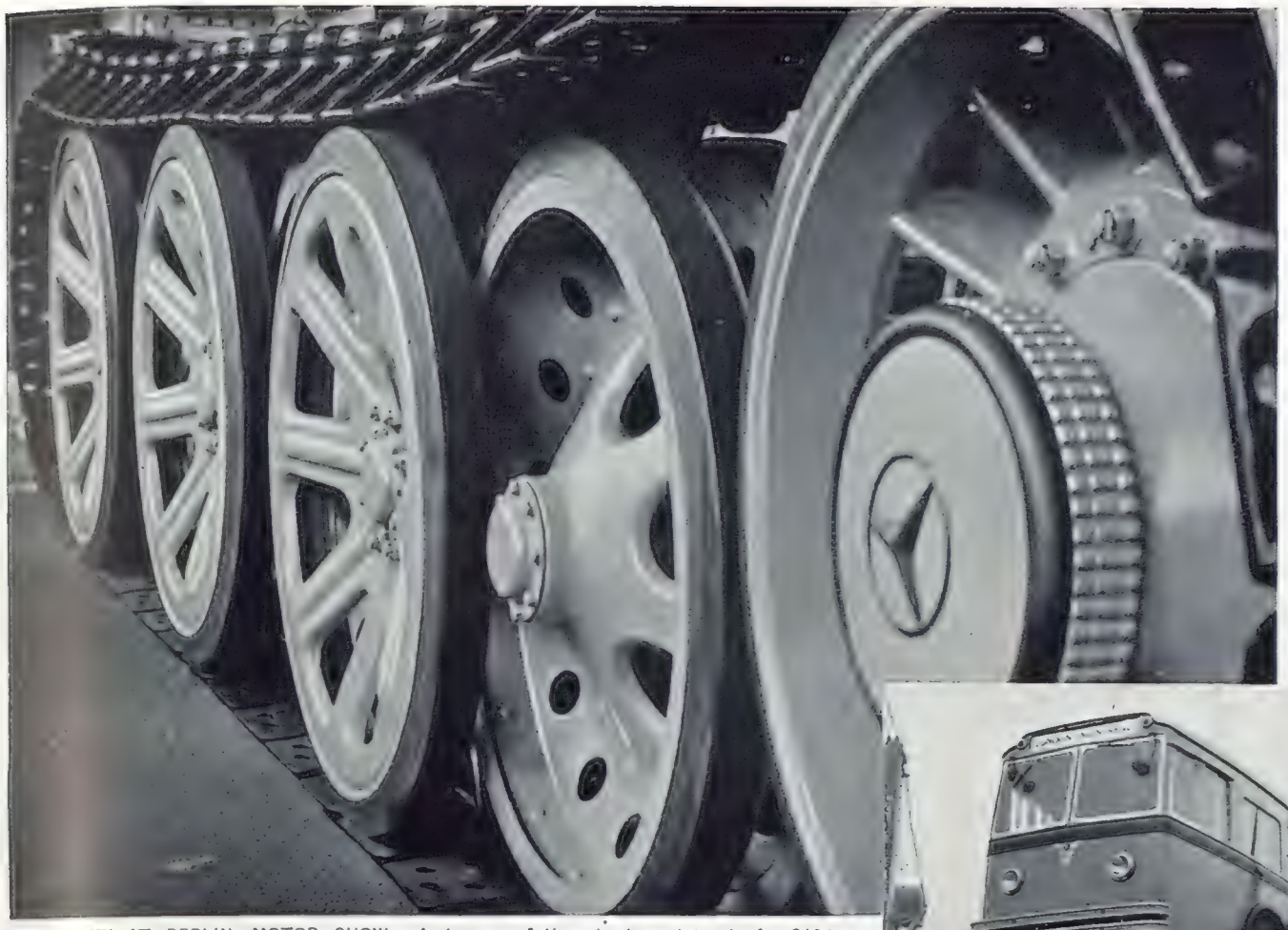
Christian Borradaile

THE BEATERS AT WORK: Beaters waving bamboo torches to prevent the elephant from landing at a point on the river bank that would lead them away from the track. The men carry no weapons, relying solely on the animals' aversion to fire and noise

DUNLOP FORT 90
MADE IN ENGLAND
SAFETY
BE DOUBLY SURE — FIT DUNLOP
C.F.H.

WHEELS *of* PEACE *and* WAR

Mechanisation in Germany and Australia—Vienna's New Fire Engine



A NOVELTY AT BERLIN MOTOR SHOW: A close-up of the wheels and track of a 210-h.p. caterpillar lorry designed for transporting heavy artillery across hilly country. The second and third wheels, it will be seen, overlap in a novel manner. There is a second bank of wheels behind the front set here seen in perspective

CANADA BUYS BRITISH: An 8½-ton trolley bus craned aboard the Canadian Pacific steamer *Beaverford* at Surrey Docks before being despatched across the Atlantic. It is one of seven built at Southall and ordered for service in Montreal

READY FOR ANYTHING: This fire engine, which has been acquired recently by the Vienna civic authorities, is designed for operation in outlying districts where road conditions are poor. It will be observed how the two rear sets of wheels adapt themselves to the configuration of the uneven track

UP HILL DOWN UNDER: A caterpillar tractor hauling a heavy gun during experiments at Fishermen's Bend, Melbourne, by the Australian Mechanised Transport Section

PUPILS OF THE "KRAFTFAHRKAMPFTRUPPENSCHULE," of Wunstorf, near Berlin, operating one of the latest types of armoured transport lorry, a wireless-equipped vehicle with a light gun as trailer. At the same time as she is mechanising her army Germany is also widening and rebuilding her trunk roads so that large bodies of men, artillery units, and supplies may in time of emergency be rushed from one side of the country to the other at short notice

A. Console

CONVERSATION PIECE—THE LIBRARY AT THORNFIELD HALL: While Jane (Curigwen Lewis) sits demurely in the background the Hon. Blanche Ingram (Yvette Pienne) tries her charms upon Rochester (Reginald Tate). A "Sphere" picture taken in the Aldwych Theatre during a performance of Helen Jerome's dramatised version of *Jane Eyre*—one of the great stage successes of the season. On the left is the door to the mysterious wing

BACK-STAGE: Seymour Green as the pressman, Martita Hunt as a selfish posturing old-time actress, and Diana Churchill as an unscrupulous younger actress with a nose for publicity, make a bright trio in *Wise To-morrow*, the new comedy by Stephen Powys at the Lyric

ON STAGE AND SCREEN

Producers Who Take Shakespeare at His Word : Retreat from Comedy at the Queen's : Sydney Carroll Falls Back on Molière

By PHILIP PAGE

THERE is a story concerning the alternative title of *Twelfth Night* which, though I am convinced that it is apocryphal, is said to have the support of some Shakespearean scholars. It is that the play's rehearsals had progressed far without a title being decided on at all, that some underling responsible for the preliminary announcements was forced, time being short, to badger a title of some sort out of the harassed Shakespeare, who replied, peevishly, "Oh, *Twelfth Night*, or what you will." In modern language, "Anything you damn well like."

Many producers seem to have taken Shakespeare at his word and done anything they damn well like with this cheery comedy. "New readings" being in the air, the present revival at the Old Vic has some points of originality about it, though I could not say that all, if any, of them are justified. Fortunately the *As You Like It* experiment (which put the play in the eighteenth century) has not been followed; we do not have Sir Toby and Sebastian and Malvolio dressed as bucks of the Regency, or as ancient Greeks, or in polo kit, or some such silly nonsense. Occasionally the young lady who plays Viola (not very well) is made also to represent Sebastian, which causes an unnecessary muddle, but that is a small point.

No, the main feature of this very competent, scholarly, and efficient production is that the play has had nearly all its fun steamed out of it. Most of the cast seem so crestfallen and generally unlucky that *Thirteenth Night* would be a more apt label. A certain amount of merriment arose from individual efforts, particularly from Mr. Laurence Olivier (fearfully and wonderfully disguised as Sir Toby Belch) and from Miss Ivy St. Helier's sparkling, cheerful Maria. Even these performances were not enough to dispel a gentle melancholy.

"Retreat from Folly."—I do not know the folly which was retreated from, nor who did the retreating nor why, nor could I gather any clue likely to indicate why the two ladies who wrote the play *Retreat from Folly* for Miss Marie Tempest should have thus named it.

But the retreat from anything in the nature of genuine comedy in this effort at the Queen's Theatre is only too obvious. In time-honoured fashion some semi-farcical interludes are devoted to servants; a Scottish-speaking chauffeur amorously puts his arm round the waist of Miss Margaret Moffat, (who, as a comic lady's-maid, needed all the support she could get, poor soul). There is also some apparently humorous passage-of-arms between Miss Moffat, speaking Irish with an American accent or American—the position is not quite clear—with an Irish accent, and a French-speaking waiter who offers a lump of *glace* when asked for a glass. Apart from such side-splitting fun this play is a sentimental yarn in which Miss Tempest helps out of scrapes a son and daughter whom she has not seen for many years and who do not know she is their mother.

The poor boy had stolen a motor car, a nice expensive Daimler, for which I could have forgiven him; on the top of this he indulged in orgies of self-pity and mock heroics which were quite unforgivable. The girl was abominably rude to her mother until the relationship was revealed when she began to "stew in love," as Mr. Bernard Shaw put it. Their father (there had been a divorce twenty years before) was bearded like a pard and unpardonably dull, for all Mr. Graham Browne's conscientious art.

Into this mixture Miss Tempest managed to infuse some spice just because she is Miss Tempest. She employed all her art and most of her devices.

"HEAD OVER HEELS": Louis Borell and Whitney Bourne who have parts in this new Gaumont British picture directed by Sonnie Hale. The latter's wife, Jessie Matthews, plays the leading role

STARLET: Fourteen-year-old Deanna and acting ability, is the outstanding Film Distributors are presenting at

REUNION: Jane Eyre (Curigwen Lewis) and the blind Rochester (Reginald Tate) from whom she had run away, only to return when she sensed his need. Here again the setting is the library at Thornfield Hall, but with one difference: the wing has vanished and a window has been placed in what was once the doorway leading to it

She wore some charming gowns as only she can wear them. She poured out tea and argued with a police-inspector and made the very most of the very exiguous supply of semi-bright lines. But the going was too heavy and not even the Tempest magic could speed it along.

Retreat from Folly might have ended at almost any moment; it continued, however, until a long final scene showed us what we knew early in the second act—that the divorced husband and wife would remarry and that the son and daughter would live with them. Nothing could have been neater, more satisfactory for a made-to-measure play, more flat-footed.

"The Misanthrope."—Eighteenth-century comedy having failed to attract, Mr. Sydney Carroll has fallen back, for his little Ambassadors Theatre, on Molière.

The production of *The Misanthrope* from the Cambridge Arts Theatre is on the lively side. Lively, too, is Mme Lydia Lopokova as Celimene. There are faults in her performance over which she has no control: she lacks, for instance, the necessary inches, and her English is that of Mme Leontovitch as Cleopatra or Miss Elisabeth Bergner as Rosalind—at least, not very much more English than that. But she has vitality and intelligence in plenty and can claim the record of being the first Russian *prima ballerina* to act in Molière and Shakespeare, for a year or two ago she appeared as Olivia. Mr. Francis James as Alceste contributed a delicate piece of comedy.

Molière is preceded by a pleasant little ballet—yet another adventure of Harlequin invented by Derain.

"George and Margaret."—This delicious piece of nonsense was ecstatically received in January when the Repertory Players produced it, and a regular run was a foregone conclusion. It has now been produced at Wyndham's (in place of a piece of nonsense which was anything but delicious) and the run is now not only regular but likely to be long.

Durbin, a juvenile star with marked singing player in *Three Smart Girls* which General the Gaumont, Haymarket, on March 15

Here, indeed, is much ado about nothing. But the "ado" is irresistibly amusing and the author, Gerald Savory, is a master-hand at dialogue which, if it is not the wit which endures for all time, raises incessant laughter.

Of action there is practically none and the plot is of the very flimsiest.

Who are George and Margaret? You can scan in vain the list of characters in the programme. We do not see them at all—which is a point well in tune with the irresponsible fooling of the whole evening. They are a couple of bores who are always about to descend on a certain family for a visit, but never do. The father of the family (Mr. Noel Howlett) is funny because he is absent-minded. The mother (Miss Joyce Barbour) is funny because she is feckless. The lovers (Miss Jane Baxter and Mr. Ronald Ward) are funny because they are flippant. Probably it would be fairer to say that they are all funny because the author has made them so and because each of them is acted flawlessly. A most joyous evening.

Victoria Palace.—The present series of successful variety programmes at the Victoria Palace received its most distinguished addition last week in the person of Sir Seymour Hicks, returned from a tour in South Africa. Sir Seymour appeared in a sketch (he remains there this week in another sketch) which proved a diverting trifle—a bright and breezy burlesque of a B.B.C. episode. Possibly the trifle was a shade too trifling—Sir Seymour must be seen in something more satisfying with as little delay as may be—but it served well enough to show one side of his art.

Miss Sybil Bowman gave some imitations of film stars and also of the wife of the President of the United States, which seems rather near *lèse majesté*. I have never met Mrs. Roosevelt; if she is anything like Miss Bowman's merciless suggestion of her—and I do not doubt that she is—I would like to meet her without delay. But not for very long. Mr. Douglas Byng was in good form, though a cabaret rather than a large music-hall would be more suitable for some of his impersonations.

ROMANCE OF COMMERCE: A still from *Lloyd's of London*, the Twentieth Century-Fox picture which has as its theme the rise of the great marine insurance business, of the world-stirring events which made it possible, and of the men whose lives were bound up with it in the early days. The enormous cast is headed by Freddie Bartholomew, Madeleine Carroll, the late Sir Guy Standing, and Tyrone Power

LORD STACY'S WIFE SITS FOR HER PORTRAIT: Lady Elizabeth (Madeleine Carroll) is painted by the great Sir Thomas Lawrence (Vernon Steele). Another episode from *Lloyd's of London*; an historical film of merit

London—A Coronation Dormitory

And How it is Being Packed to Capacity Through the Efforts of the Newly Instituted Accommodation Committee Which Finds Guests For Rooms and Rooms For Guests

By CHARLES GRAVES

ON HIS ROUNDS: One of the ninety or more inspectors of the Coronation Accommodation Committee whose task it is to inspect private houses having rooms to let at Coronation time and to take note of the various facilities offered to boarders

THOSE of you who are thinking of either securing or letting rooms, flats, or houses for the Coronation should be interested in a visit I have just paid to the recently appointed Coronation Accommodation Committee. It is on two storeys at the top of No. 11, Southampton Row, and is in charge of the secretary of the Hotels and Restaurants Association. So far the Government, through the Treasury, has put up £4,000; Mr. G. Reeves-Smith has provided another £2,000 on behalf of himself and the Savoy-Berkeley-Claridge group of hotels; and the Automobile Association has provided £1,000 and three senior executives, Colonel A. N. W. Dudley, and Messrs. Allen and Castley. But it will not surprise me if at least another £3,000 will be required for the effective running of the organisation.

I think one can trace the original idea to Mr. L. A. de L. Meredith, C.M.G., of the Travel and Industrial Development Association of Great Britain. At the same time, Mr. Reeves-Smith has also been interested in it since the very beginning. As early as last July he sent a man out to Berlin specifically to see how the Germans arranged their accommodation for the hundreds of thousands of foreigners and others who went to the Olympic Games. A final fillip was given at a public dinner a few weeks ago by the High Commissioner of Canada, who asked whether something of this sort could be put in action almost immediately.

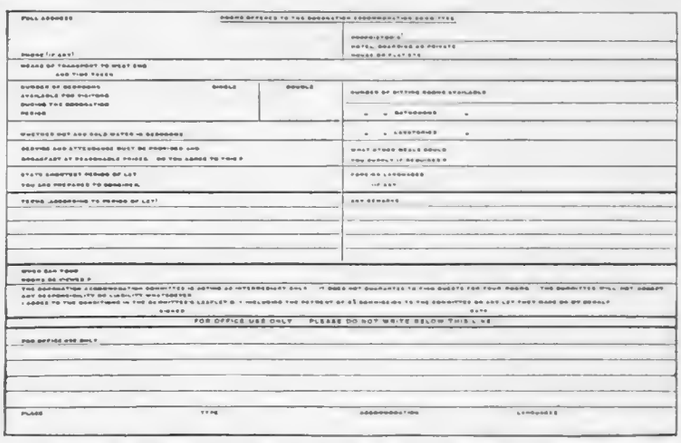
The first point to observe is that people with accommodation to let cannot hope to have any personal interviews at the head office. Their course is to write a postcard saying that they have accommodation, and giving their names and addresses. In due course they receive a carefully-worded questionnaire, which they must fill in. This includes queries as to telephone, the means of transport to the West End and the time taken; the number of bedrooms available (and whether single or double); whether there is hot and cold water in the bedrooms; whether the householder is prepared to provide breakfast at reasonable prices: the shortest period he is prepared to consider; the number of sitting-rooms, bathrooms, and lavatories available: and what other meals would be supplied if required. Finally comes the question as to whether anybody in the household knows foreign languages, and what terms are asked.

It is carefully pointed out that the Coronation Accommodation Committee is acting as an intermediary only, does not guarantee to find guests, and will not accept any responsibility or liability whatsoever. On the other hand, it only asks for 5 per cent. commission, with a minimum fee of half-a-crown. The committee is not a profit-making concern, however, and the commission is only to help defray the costs of the Bureau.

Together with the questionnaire a leaflet is enclosed setting out the aims and objects of the Bureau. This points out that hotel accommodation in Central London is virtually booked, so the Committee is compiling a census of alternative accommodation of all grades, not only in London but also in certain places within easy reach of London, such as Brighton and St. Albans. In order to ensure that the accommodation will be suitable at the prices quoted, it is also pointed out, the Bureau asks permission to inspect the rooms offered some time between 9.30 a.m. and 6 p.m. The inspector will have with him the questionnaire filled in by the householder, so there will be no danger of impostors. It is also pointed out that when the Committee has an inquiry, it will make provisional reservation with the owners of suitable accommodation. It will then notify the prospective guest who will be required definitely to accept within seven days and to make full payment in advance. When this has been done the owner of the accommodation will be asked to sign a contract guaranteeing its reservation.

If, after the rooms have been booked and paid for, the prospective occupier wishes to cancel the booking, the Committee shall decide whether they accept such cancellation. If they accept it, the householder will be at liberty to re-let the rooms but the money paid for the accommodation will not be refunded unless another tenant is found for the rooms. If another tenant is found, the money paid for the rooms, less 10 per cent. will be handed over. Finally it is pointed out that *should* the Coronation not be held on May 12, all contracts entered into will become null and void, and the Committee will not be liable to account for the rents received.

Within three days of the publicising of this organisation, accommodation for over 20,000 people was offered. By the time these words appear in print the figure will be nearer 150,000. On an average, letters are arriving at the rate of 3,000 a day, with an average of three bedrooms offered per letter. Here is a number of them taken at random, with the prices. Fifteen guineas a week is asked for a double bedroom in Maida Vale; 45s. a day is asked for two rooms in South Norwood; a letter from the East End offers bed and breakfast for 4s. a head, but fails to give an address; 3 guineas per person per week is charged by a householder in Mitcham; 7s. 6d. for bed and breakfast is the price suggested by a woman living in Hackney; a householder in Willesden "welcomes advice"; £1 a night is asked by someone in Battersea; for two single rooms and a bedroom in George Street, Portman Square only 10 guineas a week is asked; which is exactly half what is demanded for similar accommodation in Baker Street. On the other hand, a flat with three single bedrooms in Westminster is £125 a week for a minimum of a fortnight.



QUESTIONNAIRE: This form has to be filled in by all householders applying to the Accommodation Committee to find them guests for Coronation week

The inspectors to whom I have referred are probably the busiest men in Greater London to-day. Some of them in outlying districts cannot hope to inspect more than a dozen addresses in one day. Others are taking a quick look and assessing the desirability of forty or fifty in daylight hours. Roughly speaking, the grades are super luxury, luxury, first-class, good middle class, and "adequate."

The inspectors who already number ninety are drawn from the Officers' Employment Bureau, from the British Legion, and from the Hotel and Catering Employment Exchange. Each gets £5 a week, 15s. subsistence allowance and their fares (or petrol if they have cars). I have been talking to one who is touring the South Western area of London now and he tells me that the rooms are all astonishingly clean. The vast majority of the householders however have never taken boarders before and are most anxious to know who their guests will be—evidently an impossible question to answer. Many of them, too, start pouring out their innermost confidences which, if not checked at once, would prevent the inspector from making more than half-a-dozen visits a day. Everyone of them, though, is most anxious to give the visitor, whether Colonial, foreign or provincial a really English welcome. "Of course he can use the car" said one typical householder "and Uncle Tim will show him where the 'bus stops and if he wants to go by tube little Jimmy can take him to the station."

Every householder is delighted, too, to see the inspector. Broad smiles are followed by "do come in" and an invitation to a cup of tea, a whisky or a sherry according to the resources of the house, then comes a tour of everything, often even of the coal cellar and airing cupboard. In the Balham and Clapham Common areas the prices range from as little as 5s. a night to £2 a night. This is in contrast to a flat with two single rooms in Charles Street, Berkeley Square for which 500 guineas a week is being asked.

As to the prices of houses and flats other than those listed by the Coronation Accommodation Bureau, it would appear that the fabulously high prices mentioned occasionally in the newspapers bear little relation to fact. It is true that I know personally of a house near Putney which has been let for £1,750 for a period of two or three months, but when one investigates the stories of 1,000 guineas a week (or a fortnight if it comes to that), together with a chauffeur-driven Rolls, it becomes rather like the Russians passing through England in the earlier part of the war. It is always the friend of a friend who knows for a fact that such prices have been obtained.

I have just been talking to one of the leading house agents in London. He tells me that practically every furnished flat on the route has already gone at anything over 50 guineas a week. The

(Continued on page 384)

CLEARING HOUSE: A scene in the offices of the Coronation Accommodation Committee which, while not guaranteeing to find guests for householders, acts as an intermediary between the two parties. Here the various applications are seen being placed into pigeon holes in accordance with the areas of London from which they come

PALACE *and* PARLIAMENT

LANCASHIRE'S COTTON QUEEN, Miss Doris Bower, of Manchester, came to London last week to attend the textile section of the British Industries Fair at the White City, and during her stay she was shown round the Houses of Parliament by three members for northern divisions, her escort being Sir Walter Womersley the Assistant Postmaster-General, and Sir Cyril Entwistle and Sir John Haslam (right), Bolton's Conservative M.Ps.

THANKS A MILLION! Sir Thomas Inskip, Britain's Minister for Defence Co-ordination, acknowledging with his umbrella the holding up of traffic on his behalf outside the House of Commons as he arrived to attend the debate on the new £1,500,000,000 loan for defence

A MARATHON TASK: For a long time past skilled craftsmen have been restoring the beautiful exterior stone carvings of the Houses of Parliament, and it will be another twelve years before the great work is complete

On left—TAXI! A policeman calling a cab for Paymaster-Commander More, R.N., newly invested with the Order of the British Empire, as he left Buckingham Palace with his family after last week's investiture

INTO BATTLE: Mr. Neville Chamberlain leaving for the House to reply to Opposition criticism of the Government's giant defence loan. "For the time being," he said, "we can do nothing but set our teeth and go forward with measures that we cannot possibly afford to lay aside"

STARRED MODELS FOR A MOST IMPORTANT SPRING

Tiaras for Court occasions, and if one hasn't a tiara then some sort of evening head-dress when one is going out at night.

If you are dark and tall, with perfect poise, wear a halo of gold or silver braid edging a net cap, and let a circular veil drift softly about your shoulders. It will complete a simple ensemble, and add glamour to a more elaborate one.

If, on the contrary, your hair is soft and fair, brush it up all round a Juliet cap of net embroidered with silver or gold braid Perfect for theatre goers, it is very appealing.

The halo, complete with veil, costs two guineas at Harrods, and the Juliet cap 35s. 9d.

Fashion Reflects the Brilliance and Splendour of the Coronation

There are three suit silhouettes this year. One with a fitted jacket, that just reaches the hips, and a full skirt. Another with a short full jacket and a pencil-straight skirt. And a third, very distinguished and flattering to the figure, with a waisted, slightly flared jacket, rather like a riding coat, and a slender skirt.

The suit that we have photographed above comes into the third category. Checked in brown, beige, and white, overchecked with yellow, it has straight shoulders, effectively widened, and the skirt has a hidden slit at the side. The backless gilet, which ties at the neck and has a point at the waist, is of double georgette.

The suit, without the gilet, costs 13½ guineas at Debenham and Freebody's, of Wigmore Street, W.

Your spring coat will have neat shoulders, padded like a man's, a narrow waist, and a skirt that flares gently from below the hips. It will be beautifully tailored, it will have simple sleeves, and it may have three or four pockets, and possibly a lot of interest and most of the fulness at the back.

On the right is a very charming biscuit-coloured coat in hopsack woven with cellophane threads which give it a rough surface. It has a moderate flare, the sleeves are tucked and corded below the elbow, and the matching fox collar is pulled up in points on the shoulders to give the new square effect.

It comes from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, London, W. and is worn with a brown felt hat with a quill at the side-back.

FABRICS are luxurious or romantic by night, smooth by day. Gold and silver lamés, satin-backed brocades, slipper satin, and clouds of tulle. Inevitably, quite a lot of dull, heavy crepes, since these are almost classics.

Tweeds are smooth and very colourful. There are lots of tiny black and white shepherd's plaids; a crop of tartan; an influx of shantung: and some alpaca.

Fancy woollens for suits are giving way to men's suitings, and Schiaparelli copies certain conventional weaves, such as herring-bone and small checks, in her two-toned lamés.

COLOURS are clear and either softly feminine or flamboyantly brilliant. By night—white first and foremost. Then metal fabrics, usually in a combination of gold and copper: fuchsia shades, cyclamen, and a strident pink that is a cross between an azalea and a Coal Black Mammie's idea of heaven. Hyacinth, apricot, and terra-cotta.

By day, every shade of yellow, copper, and pale, lively greens. Lots of navy blue and soft mauvey pink. A glorious harebell blue. Less black than usual, and when it is used it is combined with vivid prints or with a soft mauvey pink, water-green, cyclamen, or powder blue.

Rainbow stripes lead the news. As many as twelve shades in one frock. Running horizontally down sheer linen or striped crepe blouses. Rioting madly on short coats and cummerbunds.

PRINTS fall into three categories. Stripes first. Not straight ones, but formal designs arranged in lines. Rows of medals, friezes against which posture white figures, heraldic devices, flowers. Then very close patterns. Formal flowers, with hardly a pin-point of background between them. And lastly, widely spaced bouquets, brilliant and imposing.

There is also a great feeling for Shetland designs and Oriental colourings, to say nothing of a host of topical crepes with tiny Dutch figures, with horsemen, with coaches, and with almost anything else that is pictorially pleasing.

General tendency is for designs to be etched rather than splashed on to strongly contrasting grounds, usually in bright colours.

Peter Clark

There are two main evening silhouettes, with a third that will probably end by being the most popular of them all. The first is very slender, with graceful fulness starting from just above the knee and spreading outwards at the hem. The second is bouffant and romantic, expressed in slipper satin or diaphanous fabrics. The third spreads gently from the hips to the ground, and is softly draped about the shoulders, with a rather straight front and a fan-shaped back.

Immediately above is a perfect frock of the very slender type. Made in black net, with the ruchings that weight the hem running up at each side of the skirt and at the centre front, it is held up by narrow shoulder straps, and on the corsage there is a large bouquet of blue, pink, mauve, and palest green convolvulus, with shaded leaves. The little ruched shoulder cape is separate.

This is a dress which comes from the new collection in the Model Gown department at Harrods, of Knightsbridge.

Life is always easier when prints are in the news, for they are usually very adaptable, and certainly they are practical. Even when they are on light grounds they are far less susceptible to wear and tear than plain fabrics, and this year, when the majority of them are vivid and closely patterned, they provide infinite variety.

On the left is a gay and intensely interesting dress in one of the new floral striped designs. Shirred across the front, with the short sleeves gathered into a shoulder panel, the narrow military collar ties in a bow at the back. The line above the waist is important, for it appears again and again, flattening the figure below the bust, and the skirt is cut with two panels running down the front, and a pleated inset at the back.

It comes from Swan and Edgar of Piccadilly Circus, W., and is one of the very charming collection of prints in the Stock Size department.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

CATHERINE OF MEDICI

MARGUERITE OF VALOIS

Catherine of Medici, the wife of one French king and the mother of three, a woman of dominating character and insatiable ambition, and the royal matriarch of her time, is the central figure in Milton Waldman's new book, *Biography of a Family* (Longmans. 16s.), which tells the story of her fight to retain her own powerful position and to make alliances for her sons and daughters that would bring new glory to the fading house of Valois. Her husband was Henry II, and of her seven children the most outstanding were Francis II (husband of Mary Queen of Scots), Charles IX (he who agreed to the massacre of St. Bartholomew), Henry III (assassinated at the siege of Paris in 1589), and Marguerite of Valois (who married Henry of Navarre, the first of the French Bourbon monarchs but gave him no heir)

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

IT was perhaps characteristic of Rudyard Kipling that in the last twenty years of his life, when the Muse was comparatively silent, he should have written nothing more important than a short autobiographical sketch now published posthumously under the title of SOMETHING OF MYSELF (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.). It is also in character that all he cared to say to the world about himself could be compressed into so few words.

Essentially he was an artist who radiated self-confidence; and this self-confidence was ably supported, not only by the most complete mastery of his own literary forms, but by virtue of the knowledge that he had impressed his own creative masterpieces upon the English language. We therefore find that this is the book of a proud man, modest in estimating his own achievements, deprecating the human fallibility in some of them, but nowhere indulging in the "pride which mocks humility."

In the arts there are men and women who do a contemporary job contemporaneously well enough to win a current popularity, but whose work passes into the scheme of things entire, and whose names may quickly be unremembered by passing generations. The quest for immortality, one supposes, is the goal of every creative artist; but in literature, if we survey the short period of one hundred years, how few remain to claim even a passing fame.

If one remembers the eulogies upon Meredith, how dangerous it must be to lay even the smallest claim to immortality for any poet or writer of fiction. In some of the niggling obituaries on the subject of this review it has been said that the genius of Kipling was as transitory as the spirit of jingoism, for have we not arrived at a time and age when "Poet of Empire" can be a term ambiguous enough to contain a jibe? Kipling was a strong writer, both in poetry and in prose; and there never was a strong writer who did not arouse strong antagonisms, particularly if he had genius enough to arouse a world-wide popularity. It has always, to me, been a significant fact that in that most anti-English of all countries, the United States of America, Kipling's work enjoyed a popularity as great as, if not greater than, that given him by the Empire he loved so well.

If, however, we are concerned with literature, and can exclude national and political prejudice, must it not be accounted to him that, as well as serving the cause of Empire, he added to and enriched the English language with a vigour of gifts which are even to-day the subject of that sincerest form of flattery through the whole English-speaking world?

Anybody who knew the man cannot fail to be fascinated by this last—and to my mind, most important—work of his. Those who knew him only through his work will find everything in it to confirm the forthright directness of Kipling's style in terms of the man himself.

Even at this distance of time it is difficult to think of the subject of Professor G. M. Trevelyan's biography, GREY OF FALLODON (Longmans. 16s.) as any other but Sir Edward Grey. He who went down to the House of Commons with such a heavy heart on that fateful Monday in August ("We worked for peace up to the last moment, and beyond the last moment") to make the speech that was to plunge the Empire into the greatest war of its history; he whose personality dominated the foreign policy of this country more than any one man since Palmerston; he was known as Sir Edward Grey.

Fittingly he was the last of the great Foreign Secretaries. Himself a member of a Cabinet abounding in talent he was fortunate enough to inherit a traditional phase in which foreign policy stood aloof from party politics. Grey was not without his critics, both while in office and out of it, but Grey suited Asquith, and Asquith suited Grey. The day of peripatetic Prime Ministers, of dummy Foreign Secretaries, and impotent Ambassadors, basking in the doubtful light of "open" diplomacy, had not yet come.

A great Liberal, he lived to see the mighty power of Liberalism broken and humiliated: peace-loving and gentle by instinct, it was his hand which had to guide his country's destinies when war seemed inevitable. His last big diplomatic commission was doomed to failure for reasons over which he had no control, but that mission to America in 1919, although in the nature of an anti-climax to a great career, was a fitting augury of what was to come. In the post-war holocaust, Grey had no place except in a dignified retirement, living in the country he loved so well, and in spite of the affliction of his failing sight (which he bore with the fortitude he displayed throughout a life dogged by private tragedy) happy among the birds and beasts who were his friends.

In the space of a short review it is impossible adequately to survey the life and character of such a man, but not even his bitterest opponents will deny that he was a great Englishman. A word is due to his biographer, who, working upon classical lines, has not only wrought a book worthy of its subject, but one beside which the epigrammatic brilliancies of some of the moderns seem very damp squibs.

Since with Grey we found ourselves in the thick of European diplomacy, it is apposite that we should now turn to find a new study of TALLEYRAND by the Comte de Saint-Aulaire (Macmillan. 15s.). The elusive and complex character of Talleyrand has been a favourite subject for French and English historians and biographers for a hundred years, and the popularity of a recent study by the present Minister for War seems to point to no waning of interest in consequence.

From the pen of so distinguished a diplomatist as the Comte de Saint-Aulaire we may expect an acute and scholarly analysis of his subject, and we are not disappointed. Not so obviously, and therefore to our added pleasure, we find the study well garnished with picturesque touches and embellished with anecdote, through which the writer carries his considerable historical learning in an easy, vivacious style.

If it adds nothing to our knowledge of Talleyrand, this book, begging nothing of his many vices, sheds new light both upon the man and his work. "From the human point of view much must be pardoned him, for his services were greater than his vices and they were his own, his vices being the common lot of his contemporaries." And, for a summing up, "Weighted in the scales of history, what remain of his work—the integrity of our frontiers, Anglo-French friendship, and Belgian independence—are the best possessions of France and Europe, provided that they learn in his school the art of harmonising them. They would then recover a lost cause: Equilibrium and Peace." The translation, by George Frederic Lees and Frederic J. Stephens, is excellent.

But half a step further into the pages of history and we happen upon another much biographised Frenchman, ROBESPIERRE, who is the subject of a new study by Mr. Ralph Korngold (Macmillan. 16s.).

From the nature of Mr. Korngold's sub-title, "First Modern Dictator," we are quickly aware of the line of the author's thesis. If, half-a-century ago, Hippolyte Taine wrote concerning Robespierre, "After a hundred years he still makes dupes," Mr. Korngold, by anointing his sea-green incorruptible the first of the Dictators in the modern style, seems to point the moral that Europe has not yet recovered from the French Revolution.

His foreword prepares us for "a certain sympathy with Robespierre," and as we read on (as with pleasure we read on, for the author has a provocative and attractive style) we find the whitewash being subtly but well and truly applied. The art (if I may be spared the word) of revolution has been variously expounded in modern times from Moscow, Rome, and Berlin, and whether it be Marx, Engels, Lenin, the modern Caesar himself, or the bloodless boastings of the author of *Mein Kampf*, are we not always finding that frightfulness, mass massacre, torturings, and repression are but the necessary means to a great and glorious end?

From this brilliant piece of pleading the First Modern Dictator certainly emerges in a new light, but a potential victim living in a (as yet) free country may be spared the privilege of liking him and his kind none the better.

From Dictators we may now turn to that comparatively oligarchical paradise which is the setting of Sir Charles Petrie's BOLINGBROKE (Collins. 12s. 6d.). A born politician, he entered public life at the early age of twenty-two, and was quickly to become the first of a line of statesmen thrown up by the shift of power from the Crown to the inner councils of the two big political parties. He was, moreover, a man of letters and many scholarly accomplishments. His mettle as a statesman was tried in the making of the Treaty of Utrecht.

Yet Bolingbroke, with all his talents, never rose to the heights to which they might have carried him. At the hands of his skilled biographer (who, incidentally, amuses himself and his readers by puncturing a good deal of Churchillian bombast) he has every chance, but succeeds in eluding them all. Even Johnson, with his animus against "those pestilential Whigs," knew when to remain silent upon so unstable a reputation.

And now, lest we be surfeited with the great lives of great men, let us turn with pleasant anticipation to another of the day-to-day chronicles of that lively, and, by now, much travelled lady, Miss E. M. Delafield.

Plying her with champagne and caviare in an expensive London restaurant, Miss Delafield's American publisher urged her to "go and live on a Collective Farm in Russia for six months, and write a funny book about it." Publishers evidently have a way with them, or perhaps it was the caviare. At any rate Miss Delafield went, STRAW WITHOUT BRICKS (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.) is the happy result.

I am grateful to that publisher, but I don't like his word funny. Breathes there a man with soul so dead that he dares call the gentlest and most subtle of living humorists "funny"? What next!

BOOKS RECEIVED

MICHAEL JOSEPH.—THE HAPPY RETURN. By C. S. Forester. 7s. 6d. NEWNES.—KING-HALL SURVEY 1936. By Stephen King-Hall. 6s. STANLEY PAUL.—HALF SHOT. By Joan Butler. 7s. 6d. WALK HUMBLY. By Barbara B. Stevens. 7s. 6d. THE MAN THEY FEARED. By T. Arthur Plummer. 7s. 6d. MARY, FIRST MATE. By "Sinbad." 7s. 6d. SUZETTE. By Florence Lawford. 7s. 6d. HARRAP.—GREEN LAURELS: The Lives and Achievements of the Great Naturalists. By Donald Culross Peattie. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. PLAQUE WITH LAUREL. By Mr. Barnard Eldershaw. 7s. 6d. JARROLDS.—KINGDOM COME. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. 7s. 6d. THE FRENCH QUARTER: An Informal History of the New Orleans Underworld. By Herbert Asbury. Illustrated. 18s. FLAGS OF DAWN. By Margaret M. Brash. 7s. 6d. WOMEN ALSO DREAM. By Ethel Mannin. 7s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—YOUR FIRST DOG. By Lady Kitty Ritson. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. GREEN MARGINS. By E. P. O'Donnell. 7s. 6d. METHUEN.—MARSHAL NEY. By Piers Compton. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. THE FOXES. By R. P. Harriss. 7s. 6d. JOHN MURRAY.—THE DEVIL'S FINGER. By A. A. Irvine. 7s. 6d. LUCIE DUFF GORDON IN ENGLAND, SOUTH AFRICA AND EGYPT. By Gordon Waterfield. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. ENGLISH CAVALCADE. By W. J. Blyton. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. THE MAN OF A GHOST. By P. C. Wren. 7s. 6d. BREAD INTO ROSES. By Kathleen Norris. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—LORD BOTHWELL. By Robert Gore-Browne. Illustrated. 15s. LIFE CLASS. By Audrey Lucas. 7s. 6d. PEOPLE IN CAGES. By Helen Ashton. 7s. 6d. CORONET. By Philip Hughes. 7s. 6d. THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING. By Nicholas Blake. 7s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—AMERICAN SCENE. By Harry J. Greenwall. 7s. 6d. FAIR FAT LADY. By Noel de Vic Beamish. 7s. 6d. CONSTABLE.—YOUNG MR. DISRAELI. By Elswyth Fane. 7s. 6d. THE PACE OF THE OX: The Life of Paul Kruger. By Marjorie Juta. 10s. 6d. TURNCOAT. By Raymond Burns. 7s. 6d. THE ENCHANTED VOYAGE. By Robert Nathan. 5s. THESE FOOLISH THINGS. By Michael Sadleir. 7s. 6d. PITMAN.—THE BOOK OF THE JOWETT. By John Speedwell. 2s. 6d. T. WERNER LAURIE.—SAHA THE CAT. By Colette. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—MY MELODIOUS MELODIES. By Herman Finck. Illustrated. 18s. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—ARCTIC JOURNEYS: The Story of the Oxford University Ellesmere Land Expedition 1934-5. By Edward Shackleton. Preface by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Tweedsmuir. Illustrated. 21s. HERBERT JOSEPH.—THE OLD HOUSE. By the Master of Belhaven (the Hon. R. A. B. Hamilton). 7s. 6d.

WAYWARD: The River Misbourn, a Buckinghamshire stream that has been dried up for nearly two years, has suddenly started to flow again and, as if to make up for lost time, it has now burst its banks between Chalfont St. Peter and Amersham, the surrounding fields being inundated. It is seen here in Milton's village, Chalfont St. Giles

IN RURAL ENGLAND NOW

Snowdrops in Kentish Woods

On Right—"AT THE HEAD OF FLORA'S DANCE": The snowdrops are out in Cobham Woods, Kent; the first shy harbingers of spring's glory

MASTERS OF MARITIME ART

A Second Loan Exhibition at Colnaghi's from the Collection of Captain Bruce Ingram

OF "BOUNTY" FAME: Captain William Bligh, the central figure in the famous mutiny in the South Seas, is the subject of this portrait drawn by John Smart for an engraving in commemoration of the Battle of Camperdown, where Bligh fought with distinction. The portrait, which only recently came to light, is now being shown for the first time at the Masters of Maritime Art Exhibition at Colnaghi's Galleries, the exhibits being from the collection of Captain Bruce Ingram

COUP-DE-GRACE: The *Director*, commanded by Captain William Bligh, raking the *Vryheid*, flagship of Vice-Admiral de Winter, at the Battle of Camperdown on October 11, 1797, when Admiral Duncan scored a decisive victory over the Dutch. The *Vryheid* was in the very thick of the battle from the start and James' *Naval History* records that it was only after the united fire of four vessels had brought down her masts and disabled her starboard guns that "she dropped out of the line, an ungovernable hulk, and struck her colours." This spirited water-colour depicting the last phase of the action is the work of Samuel Owen (born *circa* 1769. Died 1857)

"MEN UNLOADING A BOAT," BY SAMUEL SCOTT: An example of the work of an English maritime artist who followed closely in the tradition of the great Van de Veldes and in his own day was in touch with Hogarth and his circle. However, he was too good an artist to be a mere imitator, but he did absorb the merits of past and contemporary art

THE DELICACY OF PEN AND WASH: A view of a Dutch town with shipping in the foreground by Ludolf Bakhuysen (1631-1708), an artist who spent his early days in Amsterdam and, such was his zeal in the portrayal of seascapes, often hired fishermen to take him out in the worst of gales to study the configuration of mountainous rollers broken inshore by the rocks

"OPENING OF THE WEST INDIA DOCKS, 1802"

A striking water-colour by Edward Francis Burney (1760–1848)

"AN INDIAN BEACH SCENE," BY GEORGE CHINNERY

A picture adroitly and picturesquely conjuring up the atmosphere of the Orient

Lovers of the sea in all its varied moods, students of naval history, and the artistically minded will all find much to enthral them at the second loan exhibition of drawings from the collection of Captain Bruce S. Ingram, O.B.E., M.C., now being held at the galleries of Messrs. P. and D. Colnaghi at 144-146, New Bond Street.

Like the first exhibition, which attracted much attention last year, the present show is an almost complete epitome of maritime art, ranging from the work of the Van de Veldes, with their delicacy of touch, to more modern craftsmen of the calibre of Collingwood-Smith and Charles Gore.

It is an accepted dictum that "men are the souls of ships" and, if this be so, it is to be regretted that so few marine artists have taken the trouble to depict for us those old timers of sail. Even so the present exhibition is not without its portraiture and many will be keenly interested in the five exquisite miniatures by John Smart of officers who fought at Camperdown. Of these the most outstanding is that of Captain Bligh, who suffered at the hands of the *Bounty* mutineers and who recently was the subject of a Hollywood film epic that aroused not a little controversy as to the true character of the man.

Bligh was without doubt a curious individual but his gallantry has never for a moment been questioned. Nelson writing to Lord St. Vincent after the Battle of Copenhagen said of him:—"Captain Bligh has desired my testimony to his good conduct, which, although perfectly unnecessary, I cannot refuse: his behaviour on this occasion can reap no additional credit from my testimony. He was my second and the moment the action ceased I sent for him, on board the *Elephant*, to thank him for his support."

This England . . .

Looking over Chipping Campden, Glos.

WHEN the great meeting of Saxon Kings was held at Chepyng Campedene (or so says Robert de Brunne) it was surely under a sky such as this. More woods there were, and nothing you would call a road, but the gentle hills, the scent of wet soil and the tang of upland air were the same. There is little real change in our England except a slow maturing. And we like that, in our men and our methods, our buildings and our beer. So in Gloucestershire as elsewhere, Worthington is held to be, if not of Saxon origin, at least old enough by a century or so to be esteemed of Englishmen.

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THREE WORLDS IN 250 MILES

(Continued from page 362)

more. And, anyway, this sort of veg-absorbing seems doubtful. A brace of Marlenes efficiently removed a dawning luncheon appetite which had to be provoked afresh with a brace of Manhattans. So where are you?

Nice was packed. One's path can be strewn with memories along the Côte d'Azur. I lunched at a Nice restaurant backing on to the flower market, where once I was host to Frank Harris and Lord Alfred Douglas, when the argument turned on the Immaculate Conception. Harris very basso, Lord Alfred very alto. And the latter most worked up, as a convert to Rome. At one stage I ventured a point. Lord Alfred turned with a withering suggestion of why-don't-you-hold-your-jaw-what-*can*-you-know-about-it! Interposed Harris: "He was only brought up by the Jesuits."

Cannes was never more radiant in winter; but two days out of a dozen not up to the advertisements. The harbour stacked with yachts, quite a few of which looked occupied. But the tennis—since Cannes and tennis are synonymous—what a fade-out from the hectic Wills-Lenglen past! Golf has shone this year, both links, at Cagnes and Mandelieu, crowded with a clientèle de marque. As for the gambling—same as at Monte Carlo. One read in a Sunday joysheet of colossal winnings by the Greek syndicate, the only flaw in which tale being that said syndicate long ago dissolved. But, once again, what does a little thing like that matter? Accuracy nowadays is simply too superfluously stupid and pre-war.

And so into a "Miche" and in an hour-and-a-half to a markedly different world again, the third in 250 miles. Toulon-Marseilles. Very Red. Also very next-war-laden. Of all French towns, Toulon would be likely to take the heaviest knock. Already freely propped up in the region of the lovely old Quai, the mere concussion of the heaviest bombs might take a toll.

It is no use hedging: all this area exudes hostility to the bourgeois or anybody like him. Sympathy with governmental Spain is white-hot. Hostility to "Fascist Paris" hardly less pronounced.

This end of a Coast of Destiny is the diametrical opposite of the Genoa side in so far as social philosophy is concerned — regulation of the human animal. As opposed to unashamed Fascist regimentation of the human mind and spirit, here "l'esprit humain" counts for nine parts of the game; perhaps for too much if that were possible since in these teeming Bouches-du-Rhône are encountered the Republic's most "advanced," nay, anarchist tendencies, to say nothing of her gangster ones. The Rights of Man are read to extend very far indeed—often right down into the pocket of the next person, as the total eclipse of "merci" for a tip would hint.

CONTINUATIONS

The contrast with Genoa is all the more eloquent by reason of these Marseillais and Toulonais being of glaring Latin stock, looking, talking, acting, as along in Italy. But not thinking! Or, rather, only the bourgeois layer attempting to tune with Il Duce. We shall hear more of this layer yet, in France, nevertheless. And I shouldn't be surprised if events did not first flare up in this bouillabaisse region whence I write—what a human bouillabaisse, too, with its 200,000 expatriate Italianos and lesser potpourri, often très pourri, from the ends of the earth! Nor if the ultimate cry did not one day resolve itself into: "To trample or not to trample on the human mind?"

But this is all getting serious. Isnard's is just round the corner. Best bouillabaisse in France, as aided down by white, tart Cassis Bodin, "an oyster wine," as they say in English on the label.

LONDON—A CORONATION DORMITORY

(Continued from page 376)

highest price of which he has actual knowledge for Coronation letting is £350 for one room in Regent Street. Actually I can better that myself for I know of a balcony at Oxford Circus holding twelve people which has gone for 600 guineas. We are, however, discussing accommodation rather than windows, and we come back to the fact that there are numbers of flats in the W.1 district which can still be leased for anything from 10 to 35 guineas a week. Similarly there are many houses in Regent's Park which are going for as little as 20 guineas a week. Others in the squares, such as Portman Square, can be taken for 100 guineas a week. Americans, of course, are paying more. Various friends of mine have let their houses privately for as much as 200 guineas a week although they are not on the route; but overseas and foreign visitors will be happy to know that at the moment there is somewhat of a glut of houses, and though prices may rise rapidly by April they are distinctly on the cheap side at the moment.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," Illustrated House, 32–34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, will be promptly answered

INDIA'S PRINCES STRUGGLE FOR SECURITY

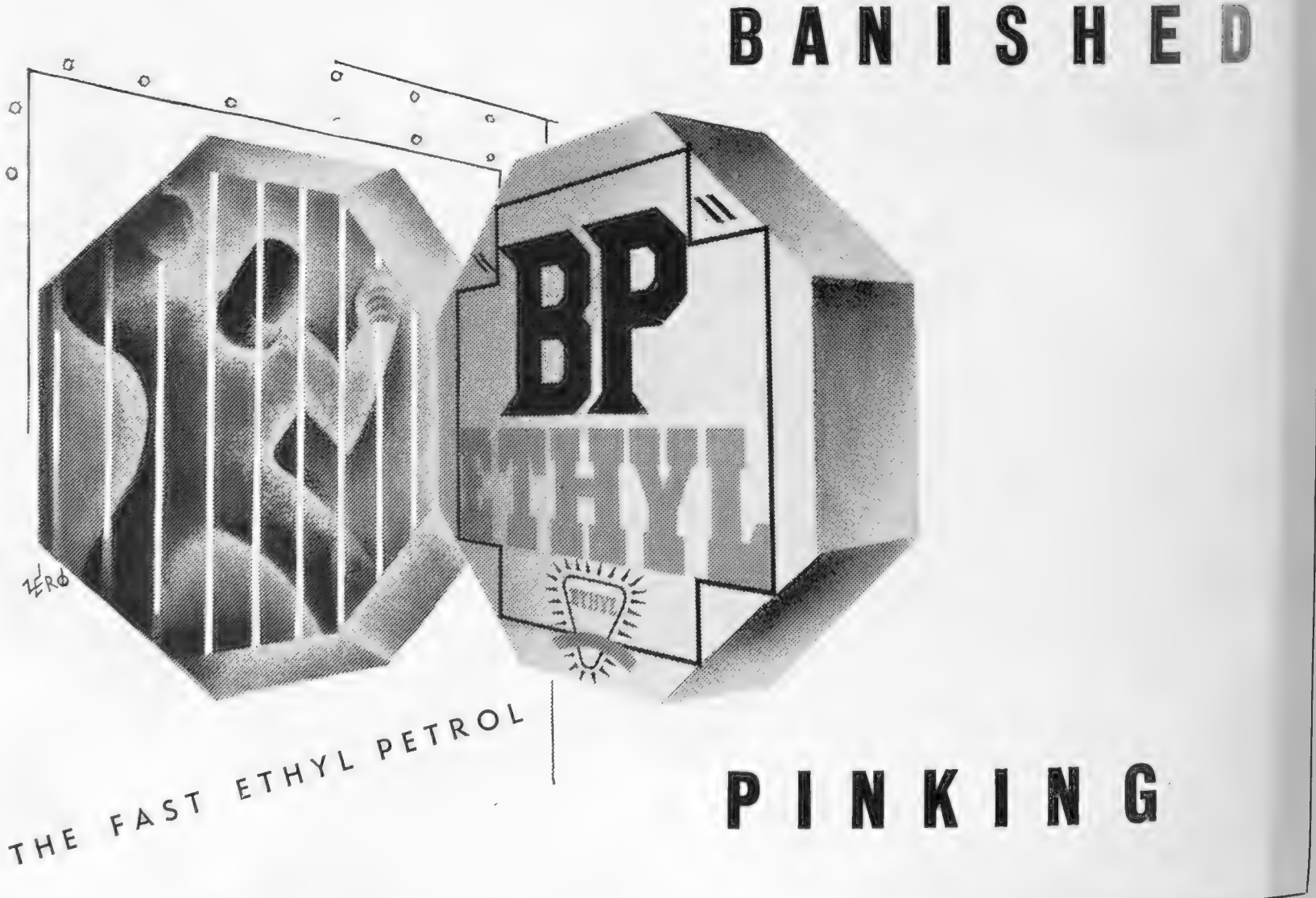
(Continued from page 356)

of internecine war, rapine, and oppression; that signalised the collapse of central authority in the past. Such troubles indeed have always occurred through the ages, when the central authority weakened. That authority be it noticed has been Muslim in a country largely Hindu since the days of our Norman Conquest. Turk, Afghan, and Mogul (which was also Turk) have ruled and conquered and held authority over the whole or at times only part of India for eight hundred years. No complete Hindu authority in the past could ever rule for long, and the magic days of Asoka and Buddhism were but of too short duration.

In the great experiment now about to open it is the power and prestige of the Crown, constitutionally advised in the case of "British" India, and something more intimate in the case of "Princes" India, that will hold the power of peace. The recent demonstration in Britain of the sanctity of the Crown is a happy reassurance to India that the deep importance of their safeguard is held in the veneration that insures its permanence. To those who dream of a revival of Indian culture and the Indian, or rather Hindu—and the two words are one—it is in the Hindu States of Princes India that the old tradition of culture, religion, and chivalry more truly lies.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

During these serious times the children must not be forgotten. In the Society's Homes and Training Ship are 1,100 poor boys and girls who are being trained to become good and useful men and women. The cost of maintaining and training these children is a heavy one, and a special appeal is made to readers of THE SPHERE for donations towards this great work. All gifts will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London W.C.2.



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THE CHOICE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

THE SEVERN BURSTS ITS BANKS: A recently taken picture near Tewkesbury. The barge has to be navigated with caution lest it leave the true course of the stream

"February Fill-Dyke"

The Second Month of the Year Lives Up to its Old Time Character

In the old days the compilers of Shepherds Calendars gave the months of the year a static character and, in view of recently prevailing conditions, it is interesting to compare what one such compiler, Nicholas Breton (*circa* 1545—1626) had to say of February and March.

February.—"It is now February and the sun is gotten up a Cockestride of his climbing, the Valleyes now are painted white, and the brookes are full of water: the Frog goes to seeke out the Paddocke, and the Crow and the Rooke begin to mislike their old Makes (Mates): forward Connies begin now to kindle, and the fat groundes are not without Lambes: the Gardiner fals to sorting of his seeds, and the Husbandman falls afresh to scowring of his Ploughshare: the Terme Trauellers make the shooemakers Haruest, and the Chaundlers cheese makes the chalke walke apace: the Fishmonger sorts his ware against Lent; and a Lambe-skinne is good for a lame arme: the waters now alter the nature of their softness, and the soft earth is made stony hard: The Ayre is sharp and piercing, and the winds blow cold: the Tauerns and the Innes seldome lack Guests, and the Ostler knows how to gaine by his Hay: the hunting Horse is at the heeles of the Hound, while the ambling Nagge carrieth the Physitian and his footcloth: the blood of Youth begins to spring, and the honour of Art is gotten by Exercise: The trees a little begin to bud, and the sap begins to rise up out of the root: Physick now hath work among weake bodies, and the Apothecaries drugges are very gainfull: There is hope of a better time not farre off, for this in itselfe is little comfortable: and for the small pleasure that I find in it, I will thus briefly conclude of it: It is the poore mans pick-purse, and the misers cut-throat, the enemy to pleasure, and the time of patience. Farewell.

March.—"It is now March, and the Northerne wind dryeth up the Southerne durt: The tender Lippes are now maskt for feare of chopping, and the faire hands must not be ungloued: now riseth the Sunne a pretty step to his faire height, and Saint Valentine calls the birds together, where Nature is pleased in the varietie of loue: the Fishes and the Frogs fall to their manner of generation, and the Adder dyes to bring forth her young: the Ayre is sharpe, but the Sunne is comfortable, and the day beginnes to lengthen: The forward Gardens giue the fine Sallets, and a Nosegay of Violets is a present for a lady: Now beginneth Nature (as it were) to wake out of her sleepe, and sends the Traueller to suruey the walkes of the World: the sucking Rabbit is good for weake stomackes, and the dyet for the Rhume doth many a great Cure: The Farrier now is the horses Physitian, and the fat Dog feeds the Faulcon in the Mew: The Tree begins to bud, & the grasse to peepe abroad, while the Thrush with the Black-bird make a charme in the young Springs."

FEBRUARY: "The valleyes now are painted white," says Nicholas Breton, "and the fat groundes are not without lambes"

INFLUENZA TAKES ITS COURSE

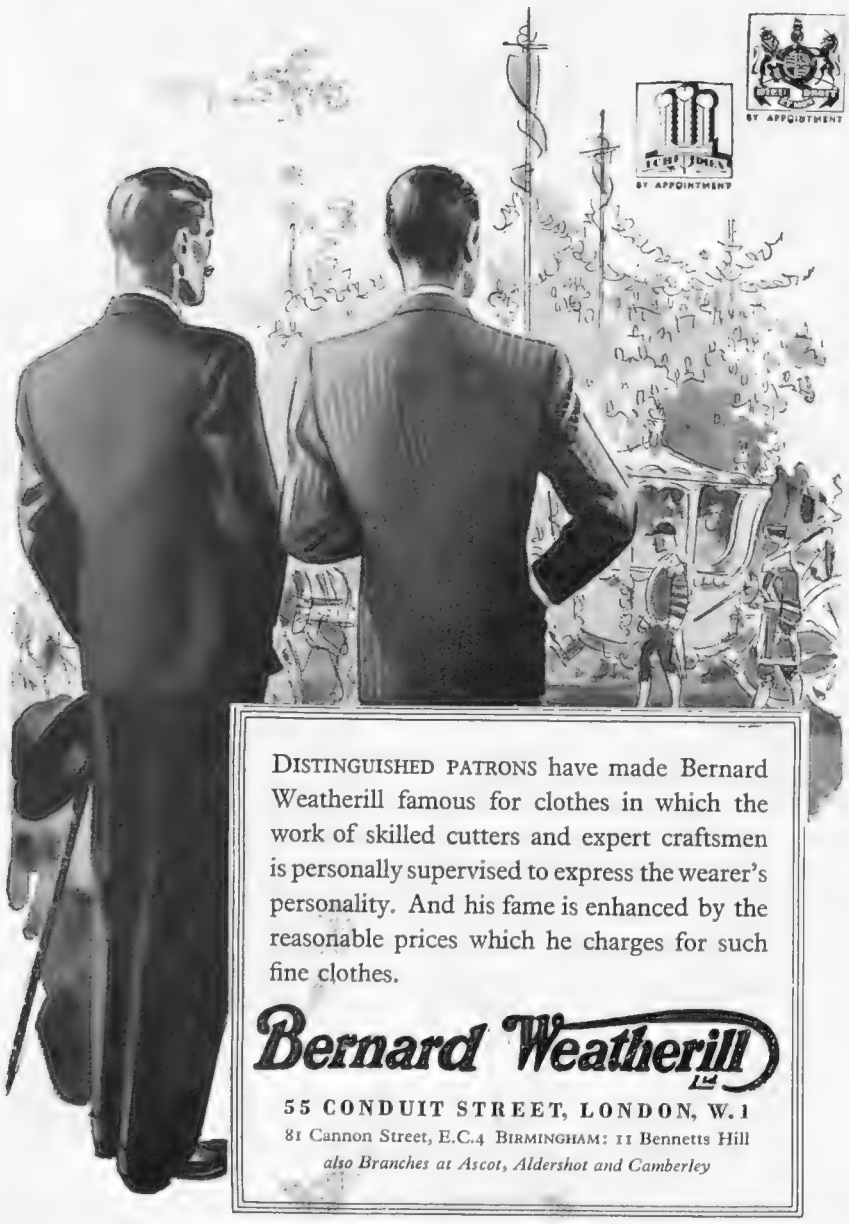
(Continued from page 358)

with serious complications. For death to occur is, in fact, a very rare event except for the old. The total number of deaths is high because of the enormously widespread nature of the disease; even with a very low ratio of deaths to cases a high total number of fatalities must ensue when hundreds of thousands of cases are involved.

It is said that the medical profession was busier than it was during previous epidemics of the same magnitude because of the greater readiness of the public to call for their help, and the supply of private nurses was in many places not equal to the demand. That call for skilled advice should have reduced the incidence of death and complications; and insistence on the fact that people who carry on with their work when they ought to be in bed are not "public heroes but public menaces" may have helped to keep down the inevitable risk of infection in train, bus, and office. At present there is little else to be said. In the present state of knowledge the medical profession can only offer the customary, but somewhat idealistic, advice on well-ventilated rooms, nourishing food, avoidance of crowded places, and the regular use of a gargle. It is as true to-day as it was in 1918, that "the problem of influenza is still unsolved; its solution will be one of the great events in the history of medicine."

Shakespeare and Shoreditch

Shakespeare's connection with Shoreditch is the subject of an interesting exhibition which the Duchess of Gloucester has promised to open, and which will be held on March 9, 10, and 11 at 16, Bruton Street, W.1, the proceeds going to the Shoreditch Housing Association. On two of the days Shakespearean tableaux and dramatic recitals will be given, Henry Ainley, Leslie Banks, Edith Evans, Vivien Leigh, Diana Wynyard, and other notable stage figures appearing.



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CHANCE FIND: This sixth century marble bas-relief, showing two lambs and a cross, a fine example of Byzantine art, was found recently by a British visitor to Syria between Jerablus (a town on the Euphrates standing on the site of ancient Carchemish) and Membiz. The discoverer writes as follows: "In spite of snow, bandits, and swampy tracks I managed to bring my prize to Beirut. Owing to a car accident I had to walk thirty-two kilometres through snow and mud (the last seven kilometres without shoes) to Aleppo, where I obtained mules and rescued my ditched Ford. During my trip I seemed to establish contact with all the rogues and all the liars in Syria although I also struck, unexpectedly, a single good Samaritan. I only felt safe when I got back to Beirut. Then I felt elated, for this discovery was a personal triumph

BROUGHT TO BOOK: This great skua, most savage of birds, last week made its appearance near Tunbridge, attacking sheep in the district and, as its culminating act of violence, a farmer. The man eventually overpowered the bird and wrung its neck

The Great Skua—Robber of the North

A Ferocious Bird that Does Not Hesitate to Attack Man

He is a fierce fellow, this great skua, and he has no scruples whatsoever as to an attack upon bird or beast, or even, as it may be, upon man, if such occasion should arise, and should this suit his convenience for some reason or another. A bold and a savage bird, particularly so during the breeding season when, with much ferocity, he will engage himself with and drive off any sort of creature that may approach too closely the neighbourhood of his nesting place. For he is entirely fearless, and he cares nothing for the size or the strength of any such intruder upon what he considers to be his territory.

The site usually chosen by these birds for their nesting ground is near to the sea coast, probably upon some open space; and the nest is furnished with pieces of dry heather and grasses and the like; some feathers also being included in the lining

And then, here, during the month of May, the eggs are laid. These vary somewhat in their colouring of brown, and green, and olive—some of them are of a lighter, others of a darker shade; and they are set about with brownish spots and markings. The great skua is so courageous and so fierce that even such an all-powerful bird as the eagle is usually forced to beat a retreat, discomfited, should he pass too near or venture to make an attempt at raiding the nursery of this bold pair of robbers. Should he make such an attempt as this then, with violence, will the furious parent hurl himself upon the royal bird—quite regardless of any peril to himself—and drive him ignominiously away from such dangerous proximity to his home and his family. And, at times, he will launch an attack such as this upon some person; upon, perhaps, some shepherd or his sheep. There was a time when these same birds were looked upon with considerable favour, and were thought to be a most useful guard against the onslaught of an eagle in the event of one of these endeavouring to molest a flock of sheep. And for this reason they received a certain amount of protection.

Their chief haunts are in the North about the islands off the Scottish coast. There the great skua has a more local name—that of the bonxie, by which he is known up in those parts. In the general colour scheme of this bird there is chiefly a dark brown, with here and there, touches of a somewhat lighter shade. Upon the primaries there is a patch of white. The powerful beak is hooked, while the legs are dark and the feet are webbed. In the voice of this bird there is a certain note, much resembling that of a seagull; and it is said to be in this particular cry of "skui" of his, that the name of skua originated. There are also other species of skuas which may be seen about these islands. The Arctic skua is as well to be found amongst the coastal places; and he occurs far more frequently than the former bird. Like his close kinsman he is by inclination and by habit a true robber, and a marauder of a reckless type.

Muriel W. Haywood

"HARK TO FAIRY!"

A check in the plough, with hounds just about to hit off the line. The background of Lauderdale country is a particularly beautiful example of the artist's hunting-field landscapes.

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Oatlands, Weybridge, Indoor Sports Are

IN visiting hotels I always try not only to form my own impressions, but to visualise how they appeal to others. But sometimes to check up on my own views I like to take with me a "second opinion," and consequently I was very glad the other Sunday to have an opportunity of revisiting Oatlands Park Hotel, Weybridge, with a friend who was seeing it for the first time.

We caught the 10.54 from Waterloo, and under half-an-hour we were at Walton-on-Thames. Weybridge is rather misleading as a postal address for Walton is quite the nearest station.

Most of the route from Walton station is a residential area of large size houses, and on entering the gates of Oatlands, my friend immediately commented on the contrast, for there was not a house to be seen except Oatlands itself peeping through the trees and on the right and left the greens and fairways of the hotel golf links, whilst before us and around were trees whose memories go back to the time when Henry VIII built the original Palace of Oatlands for Anne of Cleves.

From the terrace of the hotel we had a panoramic vista of the Broadwater Lake below and the Thames and its valley beyond. "What a marvellous place," said my friend. "Look," he said, "at those masses of crocuses. How jolly to be able to walk straight out of the hotel on to the golf links."

True it is only a small sporting course, but when the nine new holes are completed in May, one will have to be an exceptional golfer to go round the eighteen holes without coming to grief. Each hole is to have a name and judging from what I saw of the new ninth hole with its network of bunkers, any player who does not reach the green in one will have only one name for it!

"What do they charge for a round," said my friend to the manager, who was piloting us on to see the squash courts (they are now three in number). "Nothing," he said, "All outdoor and indoor sports are entirely free to residents—golf, tennis, squash, swimming, bowls, boating, badminton, and billiards as well as the Saturday night dance when Marius B. Winter conducts."

"Marvellous," said my friend again, "how nice to be able to afford to live in such luxury." "From the tone of your voice," said the manager, "I rather think you have got the impression that Oatlands is only possible for millionaires. That is what so many people imagine who visit it. Actually the all-inclusive terms are from 5 gns. a week. In the winter time they are as little as 4½ gns. and even less for business people away during the day."

"Oatlands," he went on to say, "with its 150 bedrooms, 60 acres of

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parkland and so on, is so all-embracing and so moderate in its terms that it appeals to a wide variety of tastes. For business and professional people it has a special appeal. For in little over half-an-hour after leaving their work, they can play a game of squash or take some other form of exercise without any cost to themselves, except losing a little superfluous flesh, which is probably one of their objects. Again, Oatlands appeals to families who do not want the bother of running their own house in these difficult days, for here there is something for every one of the family to do, and somehow or other there is not either the frigid or the too familiar atmosphere of some hotels, but just a very friendly one."

"Further," he added, a little later, as we wandered down to the children's playground where there were sand, see-saws, paddling pool, a real Red Indian's tent, and so on, "it is a marvellous place for children. Do you see those two jolly kids over there? Their parents are home on leave from China. They tell me they love Oatlands, because they do not have to be worrying the whole time as to whether their children are going to be run over or not. Here they are perfectly safe in the grounds, and the only tears we witness are when the children have to leave."

For the best part of two hours we wandered round the grounds, and even though tea-time provided relaxation for our legs, there was little relaxation of mind because wherever you move, or whatever you do at Oatlands there is always that first impression of things being done just a little differently.

Tea was not served in the lounge on Sundays in the usual formal hotel way, but in the ball-room. An orchestra plays—a large table is placed down the middle of the room, with a galaxy of cakes, and the chef presides over all.

But with tea concluded my "second opinion" was not allowed to go until he had seen the inside of the hotel. The up-to-date bedrooms, the suites, the smoke rooms, billiard room, and even the ladies' hairdressing and beauty parlour, and when we did drag ourselves away it was with the promise that we would come down one evening to the Saturday night dance, when the grounds are floodlit; at Easter time when there will be a blaze of daffodils; in summer when the swimming pool is open and one can have tea on the lawns; in—well I shall not be surprised to hear that before long my friend has taken up permanent residence there!

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

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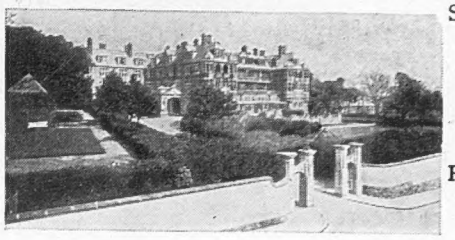

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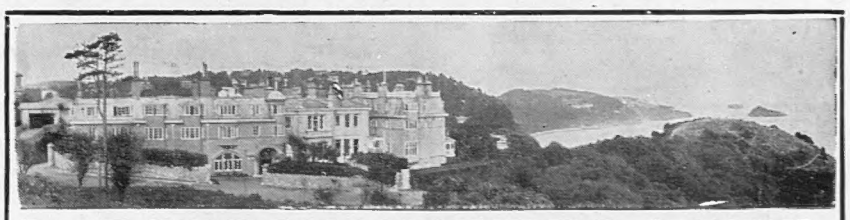

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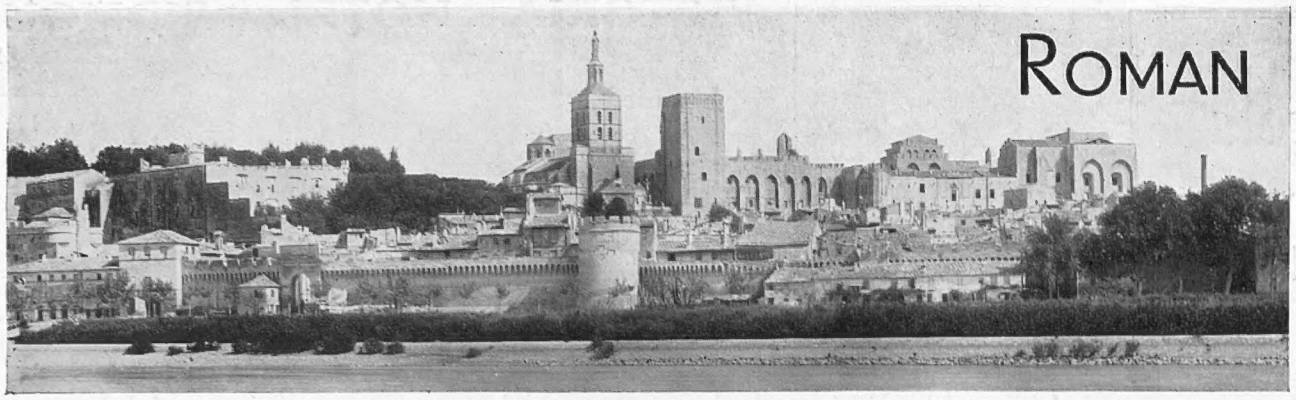


MEDIEVAL AVIGNON: The old city of Vaucluse Department still surrounded by massive walls and studded with towers and gateways reflecting the ingenuity of the fortification builders of the fourteenth century

ROMAN PROVENCE

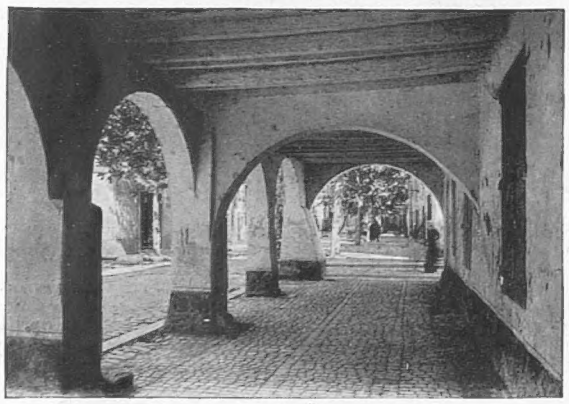
Land of the Troubadours

TOO many English visitors pass through Provence without stopping. But not to have seen the country which lies, broadly speaking, between Orange and Marseilles, is to miss a most fascinating quarter of southern France.

Marseilles was used by the Phœnicians before the Christian era. They were followed by the Greeks; and so long and thorough was the Roman occupation that its marks have remained deeply impressed upon the country to this day. Provence has never been assimilated, except politically, by France; and the diverse influences to which it has been subjected have produced an amalgam of extraordinary interest. It is a land in its northern parts of tiled houses, ruin-crowned rocks, and yew and olive trees. It is scented throughout by lavender and thyme. On its southernmost borders the scene changes to the vast flat pastures of the Camargue. Its soil is redolent of history.

Orange is a good centre from which to start a tour. From this town the Dutch royal house takes its name though it has belonged uninterruptedly to France since the days of Louis XIV. It is small nowadays; but the magnificent Roman theatre and triumphal arch testify to its former greatness. Approaching down the "grande route" of Lyon you will catch something of the effect this last must have produced on the traveller of Roman times. With its Corinthian columns and delicate sculptures mellowed by time, it rivals the arches of Constantine and Septimus Severus at Rome itself.

From Orange it is a short journey to Valson where again there is a theatre, and a Roman bridge spans the Ouvèze. The castle on the rocky hill above the town was once the stronghold of the Counts of Toulouse. A visit to Carpentras, with its noble Renaissance Hôtel Dieu and church of St. Quenin with the curious apse and Corinthian columns, will complete a triangle. It is time to move on to Avignon.



OLD ARCADED HOUSE at Aigues-Mortes, another of the many remarkable fortified towns of southern France

If there is one French town besides Paris whose name is known to every schoolboy, it is Avignon. In fact the famous bridge of the rhyme is not its most interesting feature; and it is certainly much too narrow to dance upon, let alone in circles. This actually took place on the grass of St. Barthelasse's island. The city boasts superb ramparts; but its primary attraction is the great mass of the palace of the Popes. Here during the schism of A.D. 1305 to 1378 lived the Papal Court, when Avignon knew an importance greater than it had ever known, or was ever again to enjoy. During this period it was the centre for some of the most learned men of Europe, and Giovanetti and Viterbe laboured to adorn the Palace walls. It was one of the tragedies of the Revolution, when the building was used as a barracks, that these frescoes were destroyed by the soldiers, though the survivors of this vandalism may be admired in St. John's tower. The palace's most noble points are the Hall of Audience and Clement VI's chapel which surmounts it.

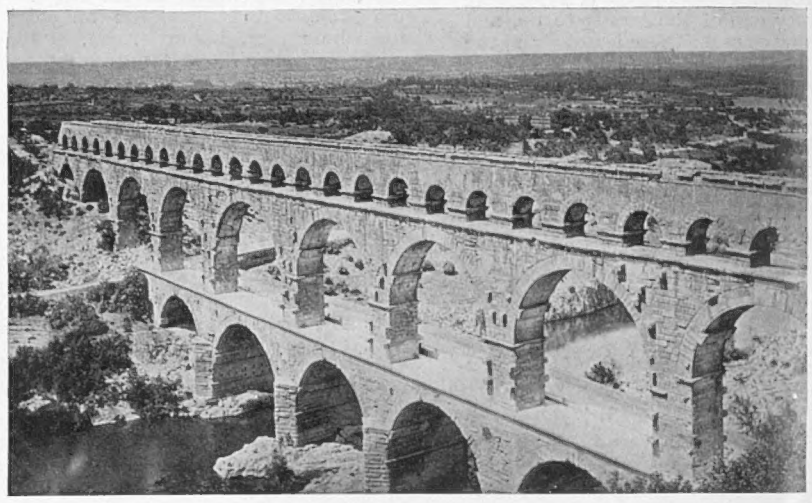
The charming Musée Calvet, founded by a doctor of that name at the beginning of the last century contains an admirable collection of sculptures and paintings. Avignon also is full of pleasant eighteenth-century houses. Before leaving the visitor should ascend the Promenade des Doms. From the top an unrivalled view embracing Mont Ventoux, the Cevennes, the valley of the Durance, and the whole Comtat country is obtained.

Across the Rhône lies Villeneuve-les-Avignon dominated by the ancient Fort St. André. Villeneuve is the skeleton of a town created for the benefit of the Papal entourage. There are also the remains of a palace and Carthusian monastery. Its parish church held formerly the famous Pietà d'Avignon. This work, with its extraordinary atmosphere of restrained grief, is now in the Louvre. Another expedition to be recommended is to the source of the Sorgue at the fountain of Vaucluse. Near this grotto, with its emerald waters and cascade circled by tall rocks, Petrarch had his summer villa, and from this quiet wooded place he perhaps directed his diatribes against the follies of the Papal Court. For the exiles seem to have been unable to resist the gaiety which animates the Provençals.

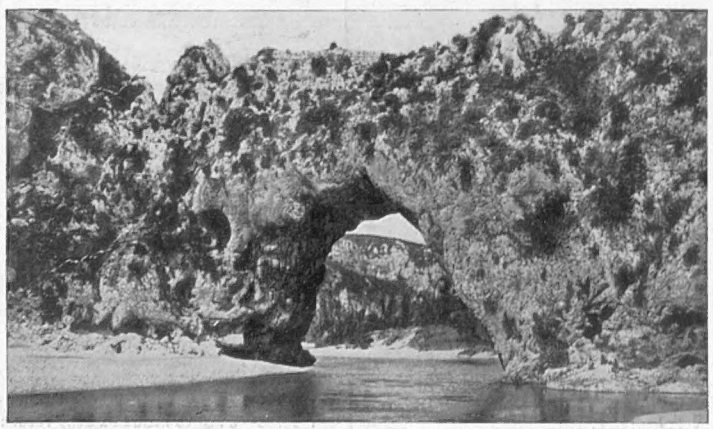
The department of Gard is not perhaps strictly to be included in Provence; but no one who has travelled thus far should leave one of the greatest marvels of France unseen. A drive from Avignon to Remoulins brings us near the Pont du Gard. Here in wild, unspoilt surroundings the huge viaduct of three tiers of arches strides across the stream from hill to hill with that superb air of ease which only an engineer of genius could achieve. In its invincible strength the Pont du Gard leaves one breathless. Substantially it remains as it was built—without the aid of cement. Only the sun of ages has invested its stones with a peculiar rosy sulphur as a final touch of beauty.

After this digression a short journey from Avignon down the Rhône brings us to Tarascon, famous as the birthplace of Alphonse Daudet's hero, Tartarin, the satirised type of the Provençal with his easily aroused and as quickly assuaged wrath and volatile spirits. It is noteworthy for the fourteenth-century church of St. Marthe. This saint, in company with the three Maries and others, touched land at Saintes-Maries. Of these saints and their landing-place, more anon. In the crypt of St. Marthe you may see her tomb. Here, too, is the famous château of good King René with its foundations in the river. It is now a museum. Opposite stand the ruins of the castle of Beaucaire where St. Louis stayed before embarking for the crusade at Aigues-Mortes. Dismantled by Richelieu, its remains give a good idea of its original strength. It is difficult to believe that little Beaucaire was once the scene of one of the greatest annual fairs of Europe, where gathered merchants from places as far apart as Tunis and Nijni-Novgorod. It was ruined by the advent of the railway.

From Tarascon and Beaucaire it is but a short journey to Arles, the "Rome of France." Its superb arena, one of the finest in existence, can hold 20,000 people, and until it was cleared contained by the eighteenth century a small town within itself. Arles has been a rich mine of Romain remans, and no one should attempt to spend less than three days there, while a week's visit is to be preferred.



THE FAMED PONT DU GARD, spanning the River Gard and conducting the waters of the Eure and Alron from Uzes to Nîmes, is one of the grandest Roman structures in existence, rivalling indeed the monuments of Rome itself, and has without the aid of cement withstood the ravages of nearly twenty centuries



NATURE'S BRIDGE: The Pont d'Arc, Ardèche, southern France; a mighty mass of limestone, 215 ft. in height which in times gone by fell across the stream, the water subsequently wearing an archway through the centre

Our next objective is Aix-en-Provence. The way leads through lovely country along the course of the Durance past the rocky hills of the Alpilles and Luberon. Once the capital, Aix, among its olive-clad hills, is a city of fountains. There is a wonderful library housed in the Hôtel de Ville, and visitors should also see the Museum and Cathedral of St. Sauveur with its oddly mixed architecture. It was at Aix that King René held his court where gathered all the poets, artists, and singers of Europe when the town reached the height of its fame and was the romantic centre of the Middle Ages. Scourged by wars and pestilence in later centuries it has never recovered. If he has time the visitor should go from here to St. Rémy.

On the return journey to Arles a stop should be made at the ruined abbey of Montemajor, a noble example of a fortified religious house. Passing again through Arles we make for the delta of the Rhône and the region known as the Camargue.

The Camargue is to France what the Fens are to England, the Low Countries to Northern Europe, or the Venetian lagoons to Italy. There are the same enormous horizons, the same endless processions of clouds. It has, however, a very definite character of its own. Desolate, yet fascinating, it is continually lashed by the mistral, the scourge of southern France. The wide pastures are roamed by huge numbers of horses, cattle, and sheep, guarded by mounted herds in their picturesque clothes and broad hats. Its horses in particular are nearly all white, and their Arabian appearance lends colour to the tradition that they are the descendants of the returned Crusaders' chargers.

The salient natural feature of the Camargue is the Lake of Vaccarés, now like so many large lagoons the subject of a draining scheme. Its "Venice," to use a repellent expression, is Martigues, with its ancient wharves and curious boats; but the most interesting place of all is Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, the scene of one of the strangest of religious legends.

Saintes-Maries has a curiously unreal atmosphere in these modern days. Long, together with the many ancient Provençal traditions, songs, and customs, may it be preserved. The distance to Marseilles is not great, and here, in a town in which the visitor will find much of interest, we will leave him at the southern gateway of Provence.

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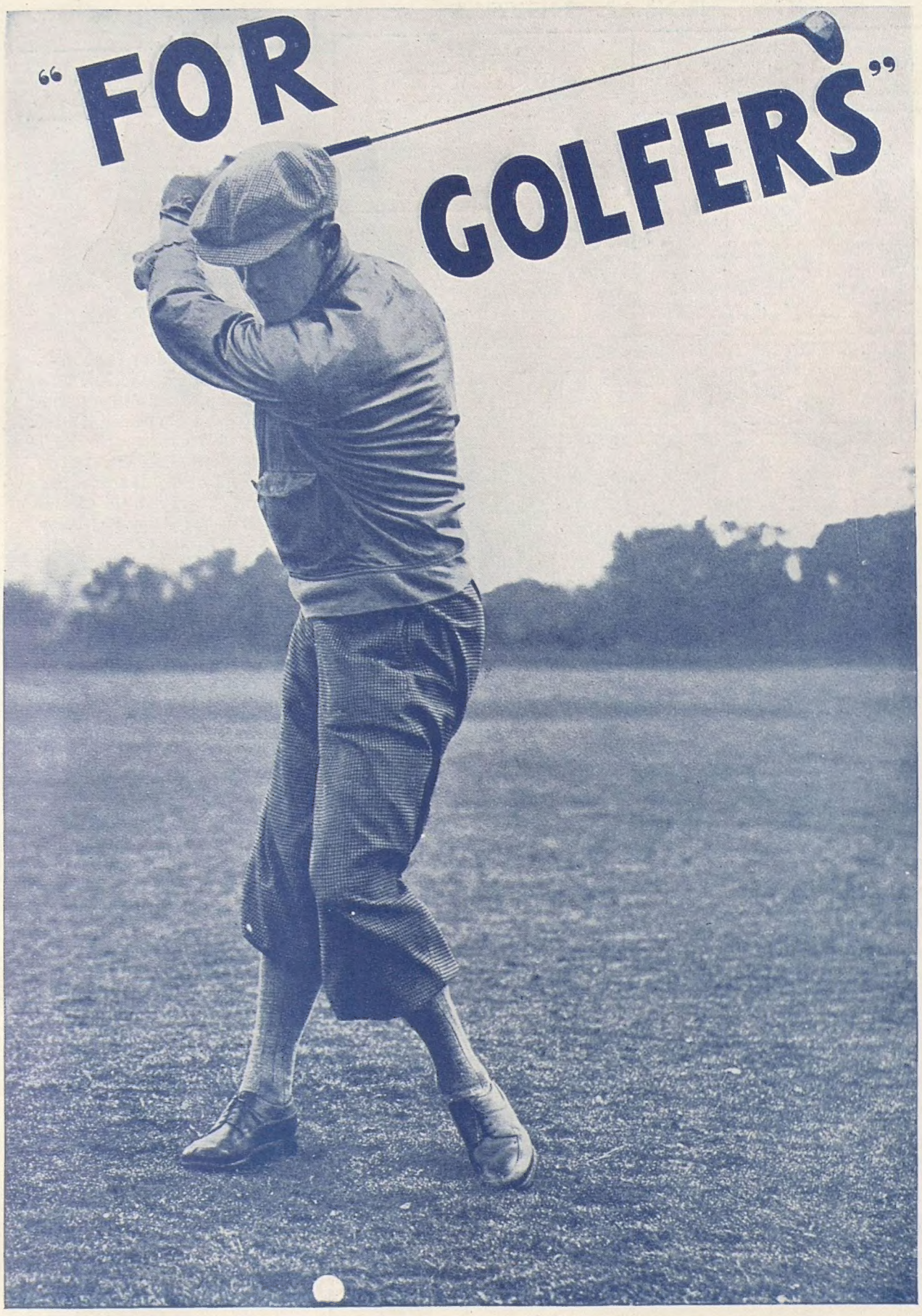

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